The Bystander, August 19, 1914.—No. 559. Vol. XLIII.

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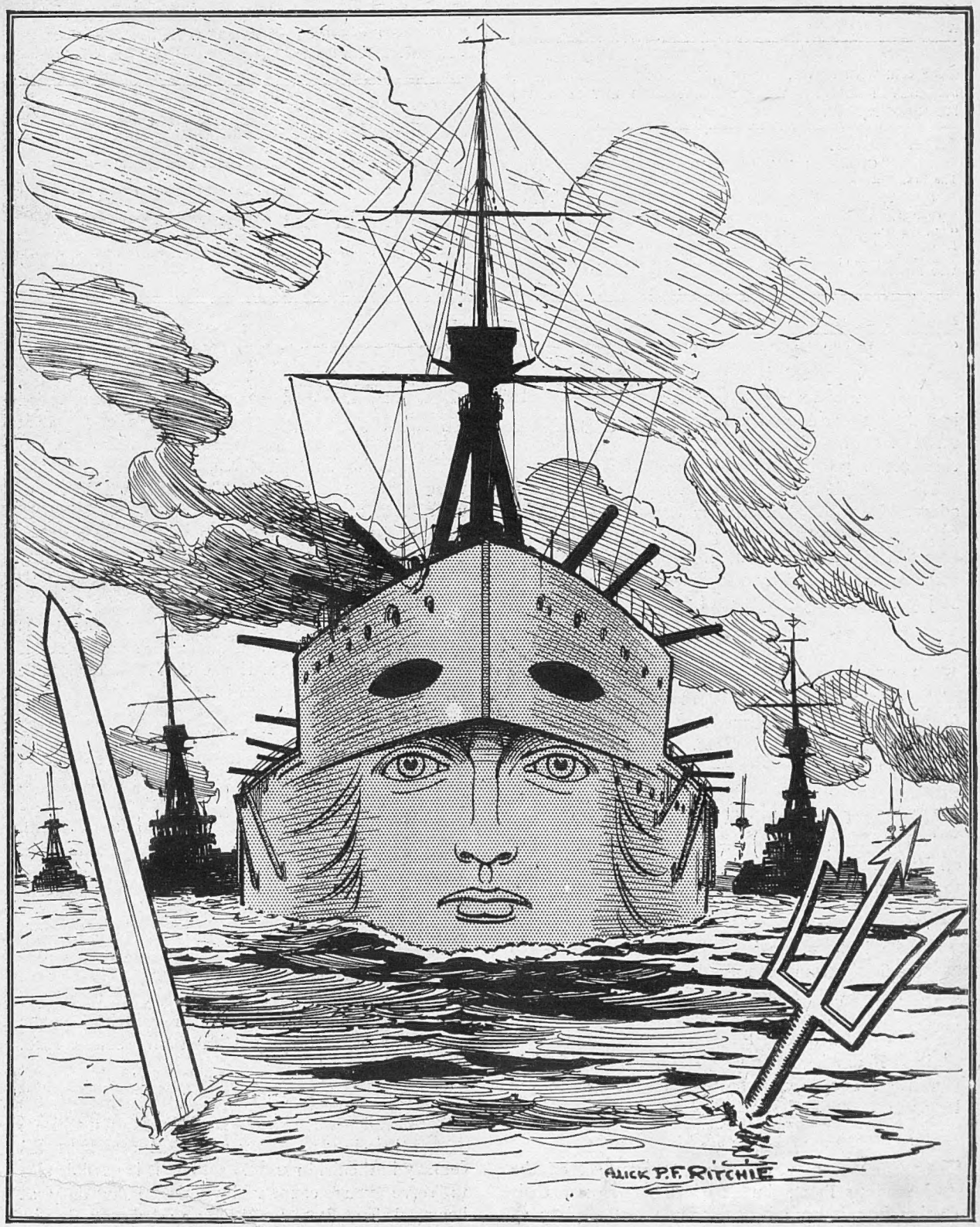
The BYSTANDER



BRITANNIA BIDES HER TIME

The Navy spent the opening weeks of the war waiting ... iting . . waiting
But the enemy, alas! did lik...

BY A. P. F. RITCHIE

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'THE GRAPHIC' WAR BUDGET

- Crammed with Pictures -

and including

A Brilliant Weekly Summary

PRICE TWOPENCE. ON SALE TO-DAY.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Traitors to Teutonism

"WHAT has happened is that nothing has happened and that is the best that could possibly have happened."

That was the magnificent answer to an inquiry addressed by THE BYSTANDER to a prominent War Office official, and, being generously disposed, we herewith share it with our readers—subject to the proviso that it may, by the time it appears in print, be joyously or tragically out of date.

* * *

What I suppose he meant is that the Allies being on the defensive in the Western theatre of war, for nothing to have happened means that the Germans have not made good their plans.

* * *

Even the Censorship will allow us to say that we hope that when the "great battle" really comes off England's share in it will have turned the point to victory.

* * *

If it should be otherwise and the enemy should win the first encounter, Englishmen must at all costs show fortitude. Remember this is a war for a principle, not for an interest, and wars for principles are not decided on one battlefield. The forces meet again at Philippi. After Philippi, and if the principle is a right one, those who fight for it win in the long run.

* * *

The Germans may, one dares to fear, get on the road to Paris, but Paris itself is not their destiny in this war: it is merely a resting-place on the way helter-skelter back to Berlin, and thence, by Russian guns, to blazes.

It will be splendid beyond words if the enemy be rolled up on the Belgian soil he violated; but if he should triumph there, it will be but the triumph of a moment. This war, which is to us a war of West against Centre, is going to develop, before many months are over, into a war—the long-expected war—between Centre and East.

* * *

The Germans are quite right when they say that it is a war of Teutonic against Tartar ideals. But if Teutonism is beaten, it is the German's own fault for having been a traitor to it.

* * *

Had Germany decided to fight Russia alone, we, her fellow Teutons, might have stood aside. But when, before meeting the Tartar, she sought to destroy her Saxon, Norman, and Flemish kinsmen, she committed a blunder that is also a crime, and worse than a crime.

* * *

In the first instance Germany may win a triumph against the Western Allies, but the time is not far distant when she will call these very Allies to save her. And shall we go? It is early days to talk of that. But I've an idea that there will be Olympic games—of a sort—played in Berlin before 1916. Watch this space!

* * *

Meanwhile—we repeat—Englishmen must keep their heads. Every man that can serve his country in the field must do so, but it is [illegible] to serve your country by doing your duty at home. If THE BYSTANDER have a mission at all to its countrymen, it is as the national *punkah-wallah*. We are going to fan and keep them cool.

Attractive Holiday Resorts—August, 1914

SUGGESTED POSTERS FOR ADVERTISING THE LATEST ATTRACTIONS AT CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY RESORTS

BY E. T. REED

BELLICOSITIES

BY "JINGO"

MY DAILY DAY

(By a Great German Rout)

9.0. Official Telegram.	1.0. Rumoured Report of a Reputed Allegation.
9.30. Unauthorised Report.	2.0. Canard.
10.0. Rumour.	3.0. Falsehood.
11.0. Alleged Rumour.	4.0. Lie.
12.0. Reported Alleged Rumour.	5.0. Qualified Lie.
	10.0. * * * * * * * * * *

* * *

People desiring to be absolutely proof against "rumourtism" are advised, after morning prayers, to repeat to themselves the following formula:

There is no North Sea.

There is no British Navy.

There is no German Navy.

There are no Belgians, no Germans, no Frenchmen, and no Russians.

There is no war.

There is nothing.

Having got yourself into that state of mind, you are safe to go out and face anything—even the First War Edition of the *Evening News*.

* * *

This war is a wonderful che-ild, but one thing about it nobody seems to have thought of—what is to be its name? One would naturally christen it William's War — after its doting Imperial daddy—but wars aren't named after their parents.

* * *

What it is, of course, is the Germano-Austro-Franco-Russo-Anglo-Belgo-Servian. But you can't call it that. Some word-coining criminal may set to work to evolve something out of the initials, such as "Gafrabs" or "Grabafs" ("Grab" is descriptive, anyway), but I decline to encourage criminality.

* * *

I want a name for this war. As it's William versus the Continent, it might be called The All-Comers'; or, seriously, The Prusso-European.

* * *

A German-speaking friend, whom I have just consulted, says that as the war is likely to be the end of the day of the Prussian autocrat it should be called the *Potsdämmerung* (*dämmerung* meaning dusk or twilight). That isn't bad, but Englishmen will like an English-made word if the war ends, as we hope it will, in the same way and about at the same place as the last defeat of Tyranny, and here it is—The Kaiserloo! (Thanks, I don't mind if I do, with soda, please.)

* * *

THE "WATERLOO" CUP

And the "turn" of the Belgian Hare

By Alfred Leete

THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS

(By Our Military Expert)

To inquire too exactly into the position of affairs on the Belgian frontier would, at this crisis, be an unpatriotic action, and very much the same might be said for any attempt to sum up the situation on the Russo-German frontier, the Austro-Servian frontier, the Italian-Austrian frontier, and most other frontiers that readily occur to the mind. All that we feel disposed to say with regard to them is that anything that has happened there must not be exaggerated in the public mind, since it is certain that, at no distant date, actions of even more importance are likely to be the rule rather than the exception. That secrecy is maintained on the subject of the British Fleet, and also that of the German Fleet, is all to the good; and if there is any delay on the part of either, in coming to grips, we need not leap to the conclusion either that this is a desirable or an undesirable state of affairs.

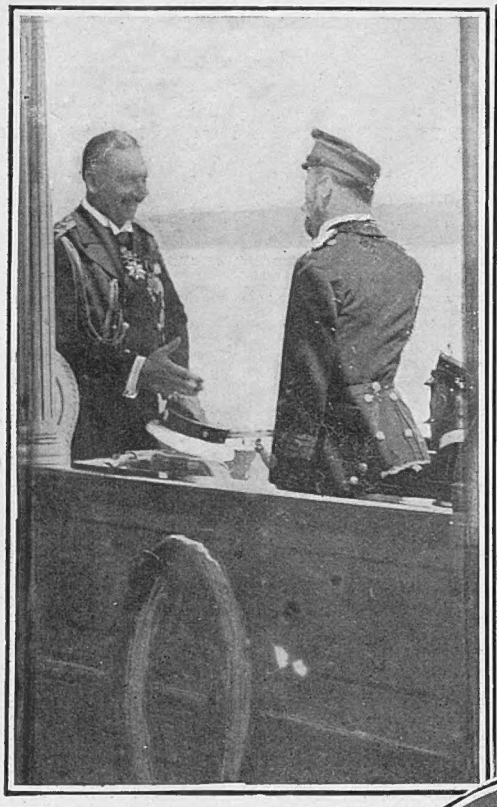
* * *

We shall be safe in believing that the Allies have one set of plans and the Germans another set, and these will mature or not mature in due course. We regret to notice in the article of a *confrère* a slight mistake—that of confusing a "patrol" with a "division"—which may, perhaps, be rectified without risk of giving away secrets to an unscrupulous enemy. Briefly, we may state that a "patrol" consists of a far smaller number of men than a "division"; and the supposition that a "patrol" is capable of routing two German army corps is an idle one, even though the latter are hampered by their heavy boots. On the exact distinction we prefer to be silent, as we have no reason to suppose that it is unknown to Lord Kitchener or even Lord Haldane.

(Continued on page 410)

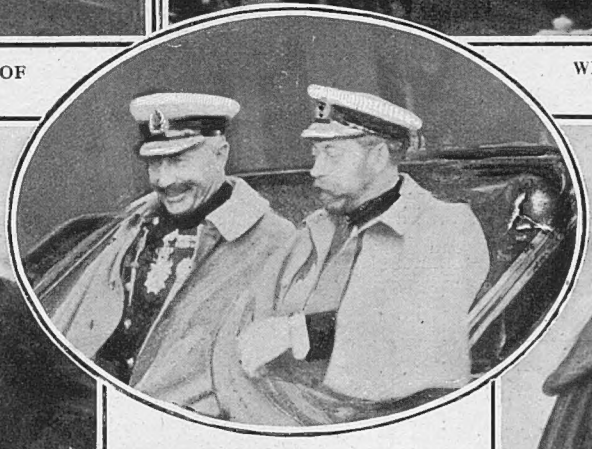
Wilhelm Iscariot !

JUDAS GREETINGS WHICH PRECEDED THE ATTEMPTED CRUCIFIXION OF EUROPE



WITH TSAR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA

WITH KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM



WITH KING GEORGE

WITH THE SWISS PRESIDENT, M. A. HOFFMANN

WITH KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK

WITH KING VICTOR OF ITALY

See how he smiles as he chats with his fellow-heads-of-state, so many of whom he was so careful to visit before embroiling as many of them as possible in a brutal and sanguinary war ! Is he, in the photographs we reprint, giving the rulers of Russia, Belgium, Switzerland, Britain, Denmark, and Italy, any idea of the German intentions to crucify the Christianity of Europe on a cross of blood and iron, and to thrust a sword into the side of the national liberty ?

BELLICOSITIES (*continued*)

I happened to be in the War Office the other day ("verifying a rumour"), and noticing how exceedingly down-in-the-mouth several of the officials looked, enquired the reason of a well-informed friend.

"Why, don't you see," he said, "it's because none of the arrangements so far have gone *wrong*, and the poor fellows just can't understand it."

The Kitchener touch, I suppose!

* * *

Port authorities have seized a German vessel containing alligators for the Berlin Zoo. It is proposed that those greedy and selfish people who have bought up more stores than they actually require should each have one of these alligators billetted upon them till the close of the war.

* * *

Congratulations to the Treasury officials for their discrimination in ordering the capture of German Togoland. This is one of the few German colonies whose revenue exceeds its expenditure.

What Now—And What Next

THE STRATEGIC SITUATION AT THE OPENING OF THE THIRD WEEK

DESPITE the disadvantage of going to press very early, THE BYSTANDER of last week was ahead of many of the daily papers with the forecast of the German movement towards the Waterloo area. Since our last issue the outstanding features of the campaign have been a series of magnified disasters to the German forces, coupled with a persistent and by no means slow advance of the enemy across Belgium.

Liège is now well in the rear, and it no longer seriously thwarts the German plan. The gallant town has fulfilled its purpose, and the delay it occasioned to the German movement has been of vital importance.

By sheer force the Germans have pushed northward and westward of Liège with a line threatening Antwerp as well as Brussels, two points, however, which are barred to them by the Allies massed between Louvain and Namur. The battle front has come closer to Waterloo, and, except for the purpose of vengeful destruction or for concealment of her true plan, Germany has no time to go far north. Her route is westward to France, and this must be well entered upon before the Russians are upon her.

The Allies have carried out their defensive tactics admirably, and they have all but chosen the battleground for some of the decisive conflicts. Brussels and Antwerp will be saved at all costs, and the German way to France *via* Namur will be stopped by some terrific fighting, on which the whole issue may turn.

But we must not overlook what is going on in Luxemburg, the capture of which was a great *coup* for Germany. By this stroke she holds most of the railways and roads leading northward through Luxemburg into Southern Belgium, and so difficult is the country that the French could not penetrate far to prevent this. There is thus going on a secret German move upwards towards Liège, Huy, and Namur and Dinant, and this force may co-operate with the German force north of Namur for many purposes.

We are soon to see if German strategy has risen to the occasion. There will be detached and rather small battles in Southern Belgium, with some very important struggles for position south of Namur. But if Germany is to strike her most powerful blow she must make her great effort north of Namur, and a series of sanguinary engagements will herald the critical moment.

It is foolish at this juncture to underestimate the power of the German Army, or to take the preliminary struggles as proof of its weakness. Perhaps the only safe deduction so far is that the German forces seem a little stale or over-trained and lacking in adaptability. Yet in the strategic situation, and in the spirit of the Allies, there is the best omen of ultimate and complete victory.

The daring French advances in Alsace and Lorraine, apart from their inspiring effect, may find out weak spots in the German plan of defence, and a brilliant success here would seriously affect the German chances in Belgium. If France could take and hold the city of Luxemburg she would break the back of the German attack in South Belgium.

ENGLAND'S HOPE: THAT THE KAISER SHOULD TAKE THE FIELD!

The War Lord is here seen giving directions to his myrmidons in the field which most of them are busy trying to understand with due reverence and humility. Wherein lies our hope—for if the Kaiser takes on the direction of his land forces they will—unless his military reputation is unfair—need a good deal of assistance from the Deity to whom their Emperor is so fond of referring

"There Is Time to Finish the Game" —DRAKE

Our sketch illustrates a scene last week in the Temple Gardens where the drilling of recruits and the playing of lawn tennis were going on side by side. It also shows that Englishmen rightly believe in the importance at this time of being actively engaged in something—or as "Downwriter" counsels us elsewhere in this issue, of going on doing it—whatever it is. At the time of a similar crisis, it will be remembered, Drake remarked that there was time for him to finish his game of bowls and beat the Spanish Armada, too

BY J. F. WOOLRICH

The Patriotism of Being Usual

OR "GO ON DOING IT." By "DOWNWRITER"

HERE'S hoping that everybody who can serve his country in the field will. As the owner myself of a family and engaged in a "personally conducted" business enterprise, I am not able, with all the ardour of middle age, to dash off to the front—not, at all events, until my country positively clamours for me—and this being the case, I have resolved to go on as usual, being just myself. Not only do I reject the idea that so to do is unpatriotic, but I claim that it is patriotic.

After all, if England is to remain England, she must preserve a few typical Englishmen, if only as natural history curiosities. If everybody is in the military service, England ceases to be England, and becomes merely Germany—with English spoken. There must be, there really must, a British public, people who continue to lead their ordinary lives, who are, as far as it is physically possible, their usual selves: people who represent the rights of the civilian. Not that I would raise a finger to prevent our War Office taking anything it really wanted in a grave national emergency—no! But the time may come when *some* soldiers may be over-zealous.

As I regard it we are fighting, as a nation, for the right of the citizen countries to live in peace and in freedom, to settle their own forms of government, and to make their own laws, raise their own services, levy their own taxes, and sign their own treaties with whatever foreigners they fancy. We fight Germany and Austria because those two Empires have tried (in the cases of Servia, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, etc.) to crush out all attempts to lead a quiet modest life by small countries, and are ever seeking opportunities to compel others that they can't crush by force to come in and toe the line to the diplomatic decrees of the War Lord. That being our fighting cause, some of us, at any rate, must pursue in person the ways of that peace for which our forces are fighting. In this war, England is assuming khaki for a purpose, which she wishes quickly executed, in order that khaki may be lain aside. She is fighting for the right to go on as she was going.

We need a new "Recessional." Just as Kipling's Jubilee Poem sought to temper the triumph of Imperialism by a reminder of its dependence on God's favour, so it needs to remind the fighting man of 1914—lest he forget—that he is fighting the battle of English liberty against Prussian bureaucracy, and that if God should give him victory—as please Him He may—it will be a victory of Peace and of the men of Peace, over War and the men of War.

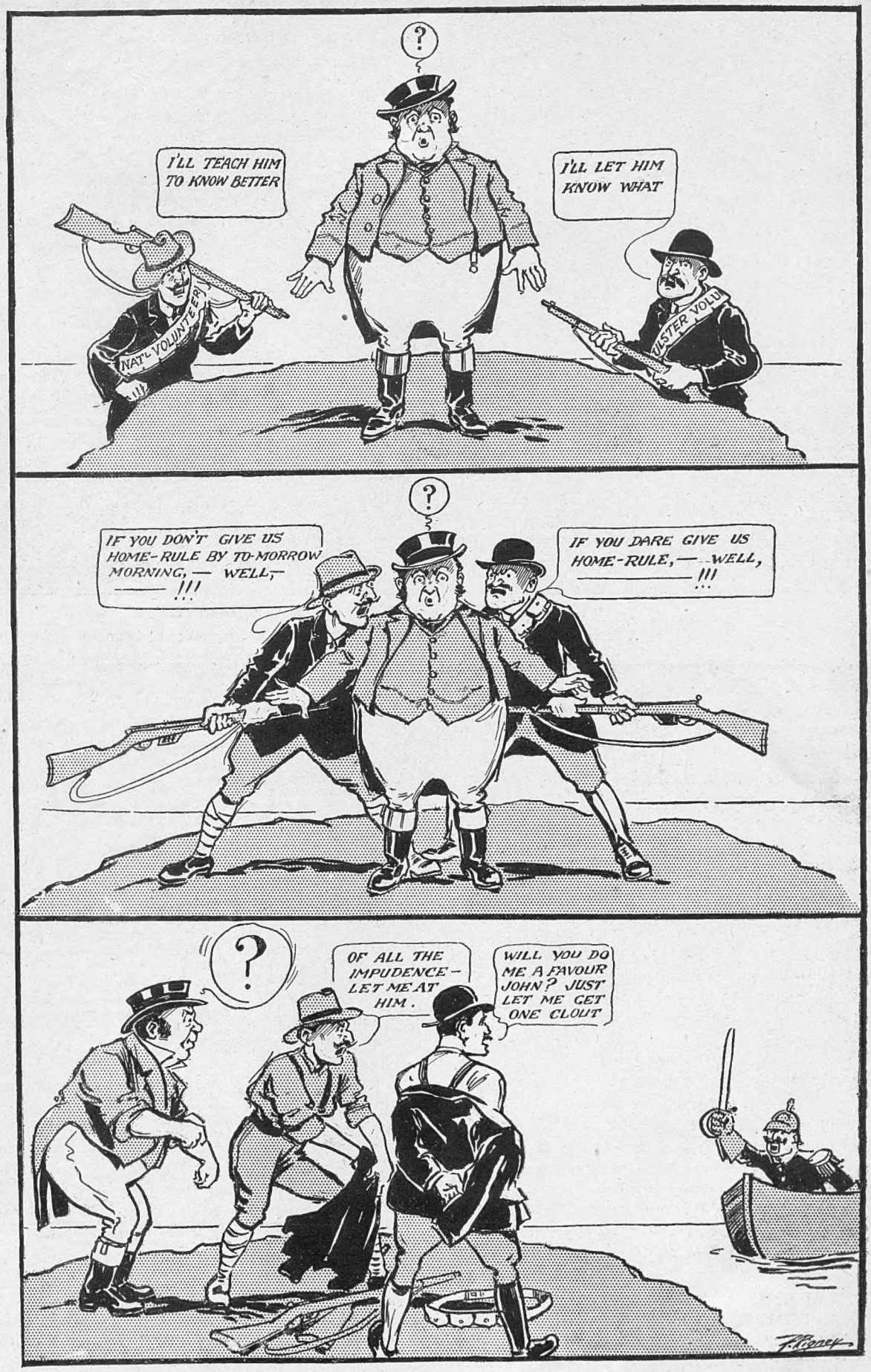
The fight may be a long one, and to keep it going, all able-bodied men, regardless of age and responsibilities, may be called to serve. We shall go, when called. But until the emergency, I repeat, it is necessary to keep going as best we may the affairs of the nation and the character of the citizen. As one of the present "left-behinders," I intend to scrutinise, in an arm-chair, the daily positions of the forces and to offer my opinion on strategy without fear of being sneered at as an "armchair critic." (Where but in an armchair, by the way, can strategy be better thought out?) I intend to read my papers carefully, to transact my business with the idea of making the greatest possible amount of money, and while economising and avoiding waste, not to deprive myself and others of articles of reasonable use, on the production of which the livelihood of my fellow-countrymen depends even more in war-time than in peace. I don't intend to rob even the wine merchant, the tobacconist, the golf caddie, or the country innkeeper of what he looks to me for now as then.

Why should I play the Kaiser's game by helping him ruin my countrymen? Don't we realise that the economic ruin of an enemy is as much an objective of war as the slaughter of his soldiers and the sinking of his ships, and that to cause distress or to lessen employment is, as the French used to say, "*servir le roi de Prusse*"? Even to abstain from your normal amusements is to throw men and women out of work, and thus to enlist recruits in a "Stop-the-War" Army, which may prove a most valuable ally to the Prussians in helping them to force on us a premature and humiliating Peace. If beaten we are at sea or in the field, let us not be beaten in national spirit. Let the enemy see, if by God's ill-will he land on these shores, that as long as there's one living Englishman there is an England he can no more conquer than the Roman of old could conquer the Greek.

If we are defeated on the battlefield, let us keep the flag flying in our hearts in order to be able as quickly as possible to recuperate and to play the enemy a return game to a finish. Nations are not, as a rule, crushed in one war. Prussia herself was not by Napoleon, nor France by Von Moltke. England must not be by William II.—and will not be if, as was said by an English William, "England to herself do rest but true." Continue, therefore, my dear Bystander, to be yourself, and go on doing it, and encourage your readers, come what may, to do likewise. For the greatest of all the nuts William II will have to crack, if and when the time comes, will be the England we are at war to preserve, Old England, the England of *peace*.

If the result of this war should be triumph, as I pray it will, it must be made clear that it is a triumph of the England that we know. It will have proved that, with all her so-called supineness, she was, nevertheless, able to rise at a moment's notice to a crucial test. The men that were not there came—as out of the very air: the horses, the supplies, the money: and with all her activity in war, let it be said England was still able to follow the activities of peace. In going out to war against Prussian militarism, let us remember the words of our own war-song, "Britons never, never shall be slaves." DOWNWRITER

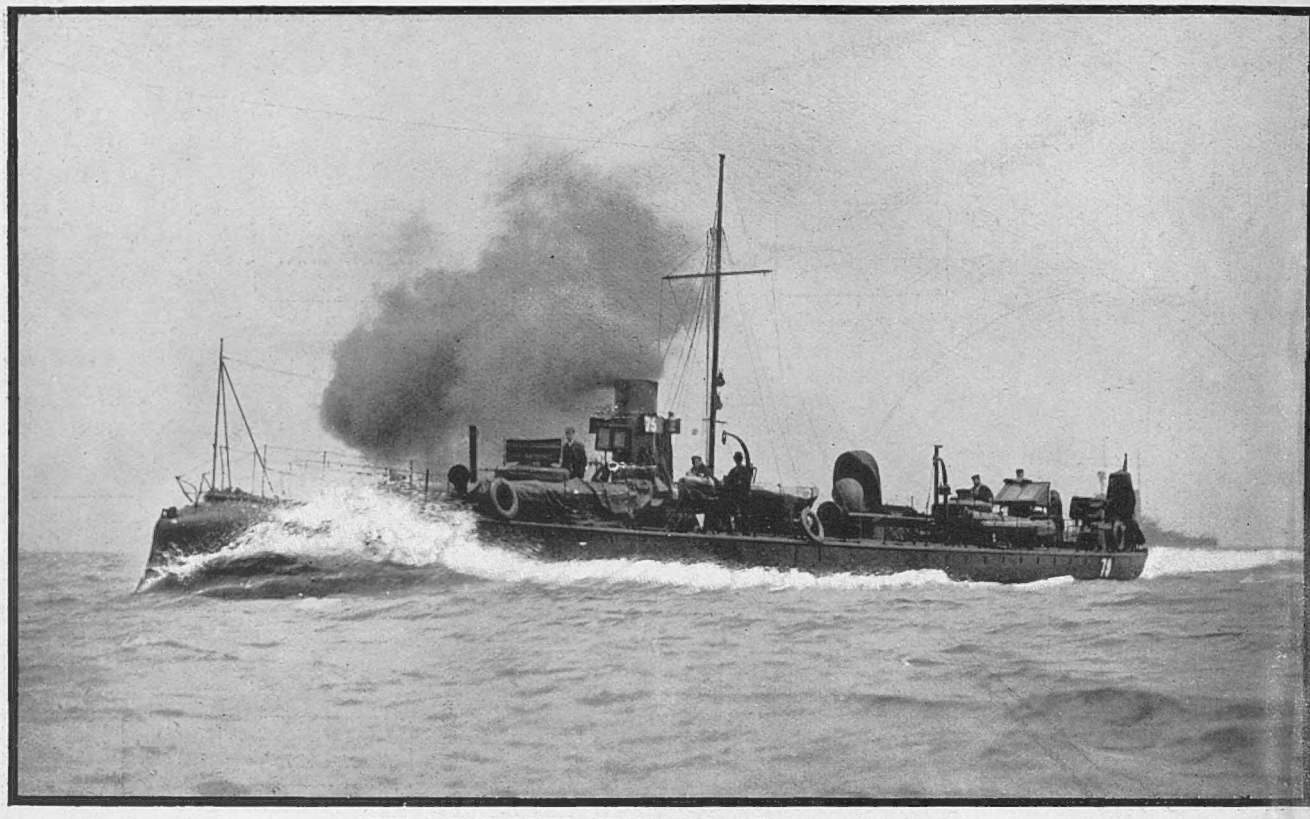
The Change In Ireland



Three weeks ago Ireland was divided—so much so that the only point of agreement between Ulster and the Nationalists was in their common vituperation of England and her Government. The Kaiser threatens the power of the British Empire, and—hey presto!—Ulster and the Nationalists make common cause again, but this time to help John Bull

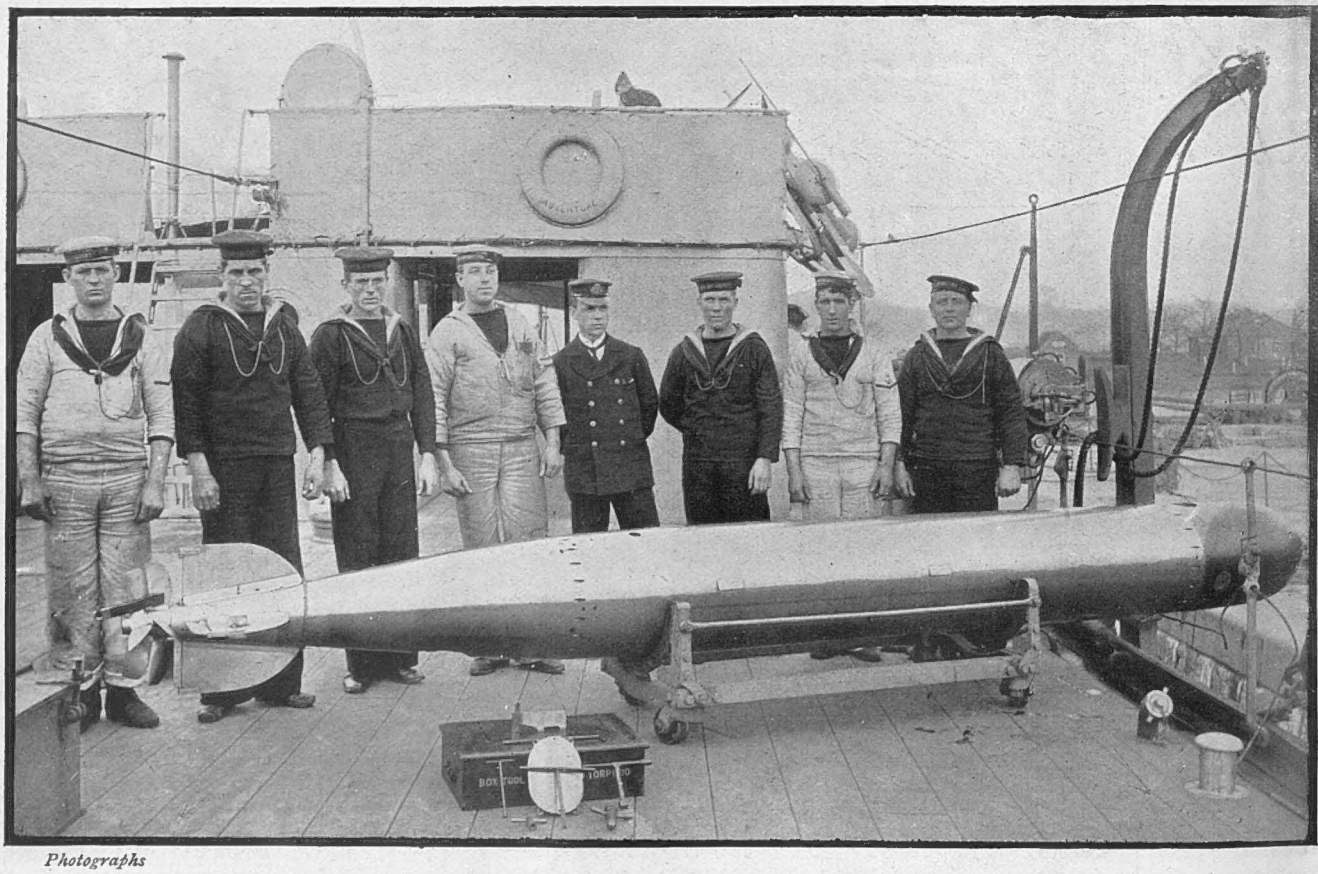
BY FRANCIS RIGNEY

Torpedo v. Dreadnought: Will



"TWO HUNDRED FEET OF SHEER DEATH"

A first-class torpedo-boat tearing through the water at forty miles an hour



Photographs

A DEMONSTRATION IN THE USE OF THE TORPEDO: THE STAFF OF H.M.S. ADVENTURE

The torpedo will play a great part in the epic naval war now in progress, because if the "war head" of this marvellous missile gets home it may mean a Dreadnought the less to one side or the other. And it is by means of the torpedo—discharged especially by the submarine—that Germany hopes to reduce Great Britain's overwhelming superiority at sea. The torpedo is a cigar-shaped envelope of steel, fitted with automatic mechanism of an extraordinarily delicate character and controlled by a gyroscope. It is released from the tube by a small discharge of powder, and "told" what to do before it leaves. The speed it is to travel at, the depth, and when to rise—these and other instructions are mechanically carried

It Succeed In Its Great Task?

A TORPEDO LEAVING ITS TUBE

This photograph is probably the finest ever taken of a torpedo in the act of entering the water

Adams

THE TORPEDO DISAPPEARING INTO THE WATER

out. In the torpedo's nose is a huge charge of wet gun-cotton which explodes on impact and is sufficient to make a deadly breach in the mightiest battleship afloat. For many years ship and torpedo have vied much as gun and armour-plate have vied. Then the ship was given a "crinoline," or wire-net to protect herself, but the torpedo countered with a pair of scissors which cuts through the wire and makes way for the deadly impact. It is worth while sacrificing a host of torpedoes, and even a small flotilla of their parent boats, to get the "war-head" home once against a capital ship of the Dreadnought class.

The Arrival of Armageddon

THE average Englishman of forty is feeling very restless, rather unhappy, a little shame-faced. Armageddon has arrived, and his position in the general scheme of things is not fixed. His compeers in France, Russia, Belgium—in all Europe—have their place marked out for them, are trained and ready. When the call comes to them there will be no question for them of what is their duty: they have accepted the liability of patriotism and will take their place automatically in the firing line. For his juniors in England the way is also not obscure. They are invited to enlist in the Regular Army or to join the Territorials. The man of forty, unless he has already served, is not invited to do so. Apparently he is not even wanted, and it irks him.

The Professional Men

I have talked with many men of forty during the past few days. The sort of men I have particularly in mind are professional men—barristers, solicitors, engineers—men who have been "down" from the 'Varsities for fifteen years—bankers, too, and business men of all sorts—and their talk is all to the same effect:

"I'm in the prime of life, as fit as I was at thirty, and with a lot more endurance than I had at eighteen. It seems rather absurd that when every man in Europe is taking his chance of being potted I don't even know how to sight a rifle. Mind you, I don't say I'm longing to go into the Territorials, even if they'd take me—unless there's a real need. Signing on for six months or a year would be no fun for me. I don't say it is for the others, but if I leave the practice I've been building up for the past ten years there'll be none of it left when I come back. Sounds selfish, but I don't want to give it up except in an emergency. I've got a family to think of. But I'd like to be doing something."

Can They Do Something?

Is it selfish? I don't think so. These men are workers—not men of leisure. They are doing the work that needs doing—work that could not be handed on to others. They are earning a fair income, but they are not rich, and for the most part they have wives and families to support. Their absence for a long period would inconvenience many other people and cause something like ruin to themselves. Show them the need of such a sacrifice, and they would not back down. If the call to Conscription came, they would not be the last to respond. They are not even asked to volunteer now. It might have been simpler if they had done so; but if they have not, that milk is spilt and there's no use crying over it. The question is, Can they do something—against the possible call?

Instead of Golf and Tennis

If you talk with them you find that what they want is to be learning the elements of drill and the feel of a rifle. In their spare time. They would give all their spare time to it—instead of to golf, or lawn tennis, which, save that they keep a man fit, have become almost offensive—when other men are being potted. They want to begin now, at once, so that they may "feel less of a fool," if they have to shoulder a rifle. Perhaps when the authorities have got the Expeditionary Force through and finished the mobilising of the Territorials, they will be able to turn their attention to the Man of Forty, and suggest the something that he can do. There may be all sorts of calls upon him—to drive his motor in the Government service, check stores, maybe act as special constable. The authorities cannot be blamed for not considering him as yet, especially as anything that might suggest to younger men a compromise with enlistment in the Regulars or the Territorials is to be avoided.

Some Suggestions

But it does seem to us that in the meanwhile the Englishman of forty might get the rudiments of soldiering on his own account, and without official aid. Ulstermen of forty have got more than the rudiments, not only without official aid, but in the teeth of official opposition. And they have got it in their spare hours. No doubt they had a powerful organisation to back them, but they learnt to drill and shoot because they wanted to. Why should not our men of forty do the same? There are many reserve officers and old soldiers about who would be willing to instruct them. There are at least the miniature rifle ranges. Discipline and rifle-shooting are not things to be learnt in a day, but keen intelligent men can pick up a lot of drilling in a short time. We should suggest the thing being tried locally in the small country town or the outer London suburb, where busy men would come together easily and readily after-business hours—possibly at the golf club. The age-limit should not be too strictly fixed; the expenses could be defrayed by voluntary subscription; the men need take no binding oath or solemn covenant. It would simply be understood that they were doing what little they could to fit themselves for the day which might come when there would be no question of what a man of forty could do, but simply a call to all men worthy of the name to come to the aid of their country.

This Week's Sidelights

KEEPING FIT

Mr. Winston Churchill taking a ride in the early morning one day last week. He evidently means to keep himself fit for the strenuous times of anxiety before him

AN ATTITUDE OF STRICT NEUTRALITY?

The Italian Ambassador, Marquis Imperiali di Francavilla, and his wife acknowledging the cheers of a crowd in front of the Embassy in Grosvenor Square. Italy is supposed to be taking up an attitude of strict neutrality. But if she abandons it we take it that the Marquis will not leave London

NO SPEED LIMIT FOR THEM!

Motor-cyclists who have given their services to the Government, and ride "O.H.M.S."—at any pace they please! They are here seen in Great Scotland Yard

"WILL YE E'ER COME BACK AGAIN?"

French soldiers leaving Paris for the front gallantly going out to fight for their country, and receiving a last farewell from their lady friends en route

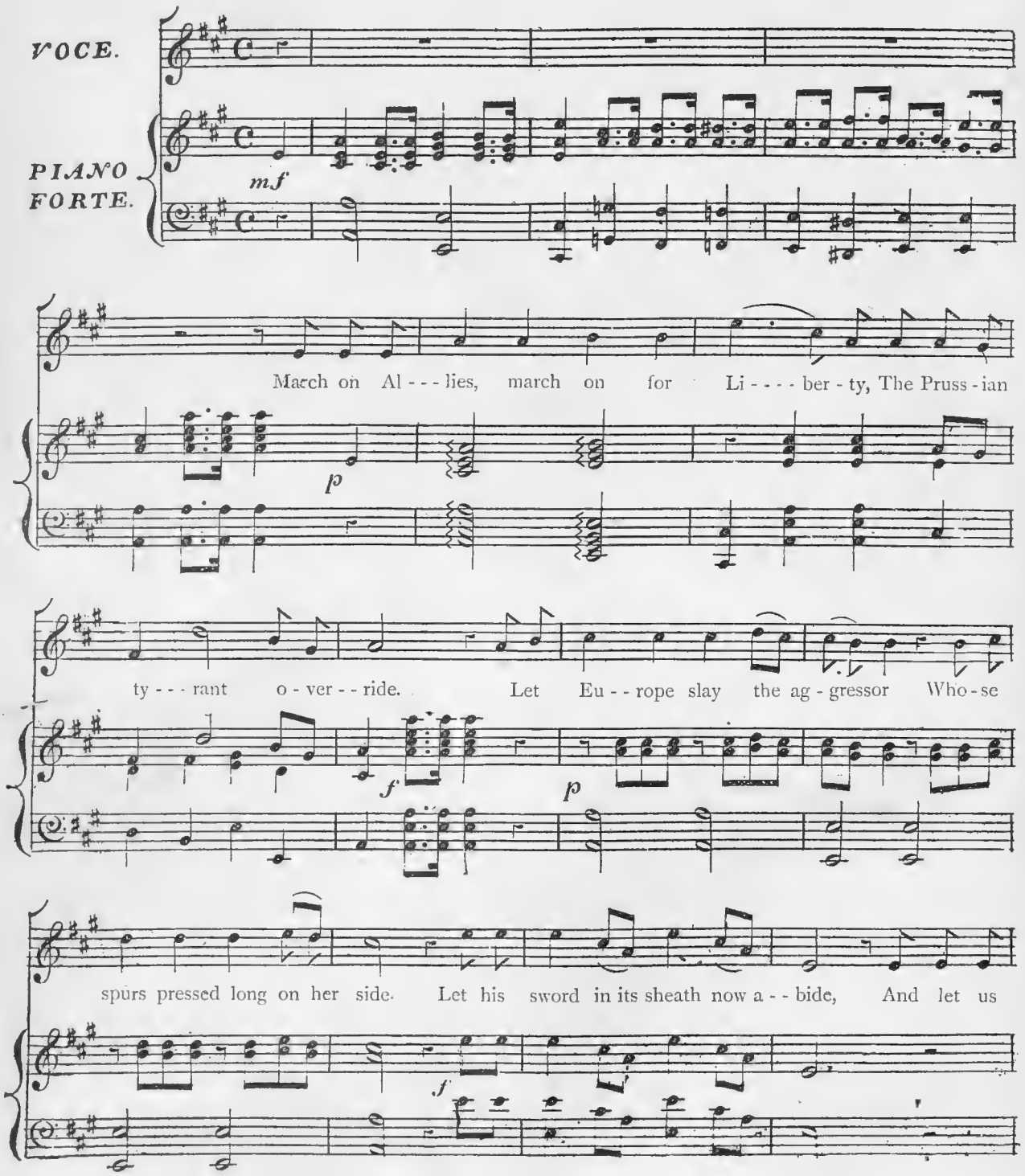
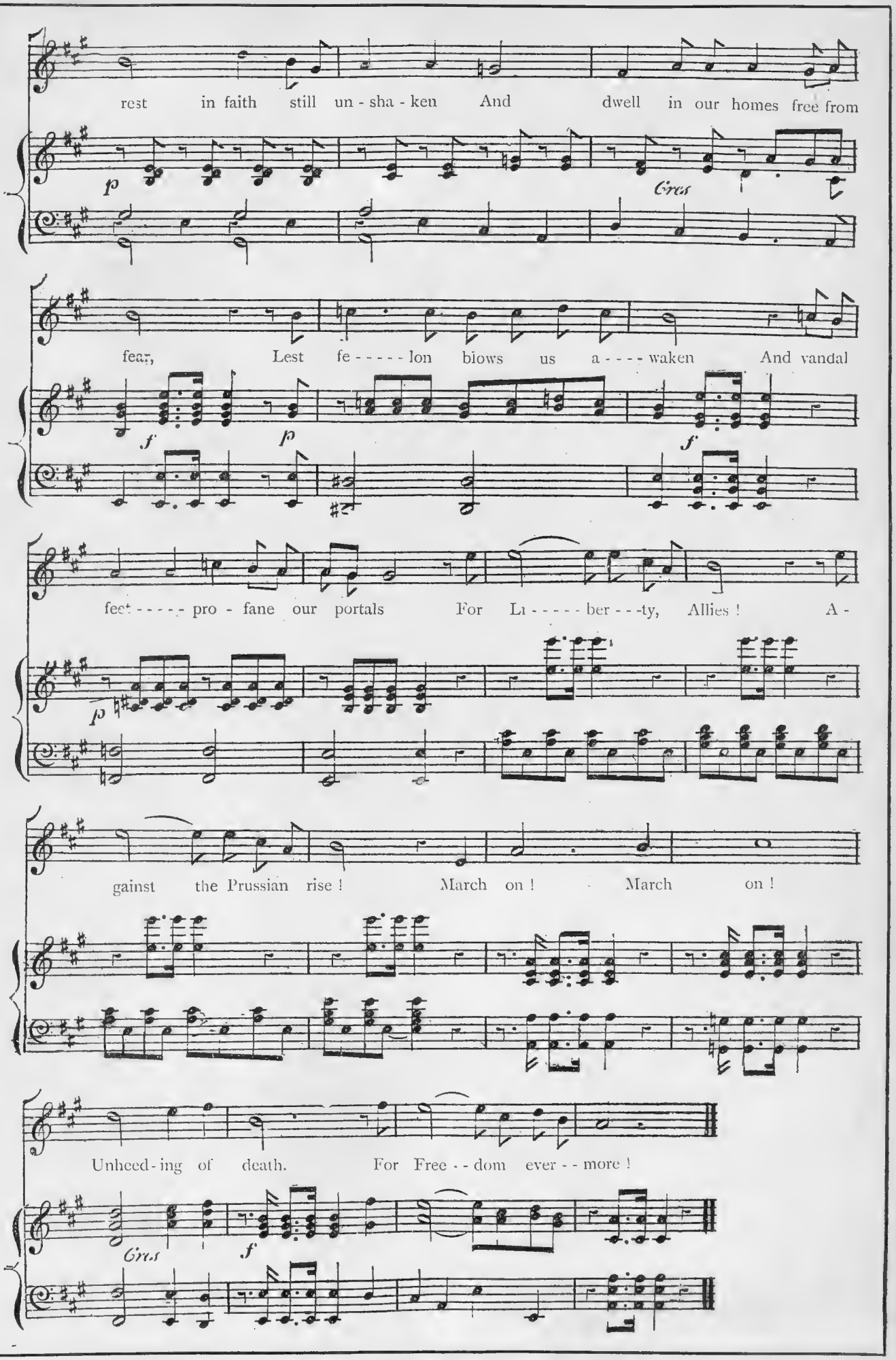
THE LAW TO THE FORE: THE INNS OF COURT O.T.C.

Which, like the rest of the Territorial Force, has been mobilised. The Inns of Court Brigade has been sedulously drilling for some time and are ready for active service when the time comes for them to set out

"MARCH ON, ALLIES!"

For Public Rendering—Without Permission—During the War

AIR, THE MARSEILLAISE

WORDS BY VIVIAN CARTER


rest in faith still un - sha - ken And dwell in our homes free from
Cres
fear, Lest fe - - - - - lon blows us a - - - - waken And vandal
feet - - - - - pro - fane our portals For Li - - - - - ber - - -ty, Allies ! A -
gainst the Prussian rise ! March on ! March on !
Unheed - ing of death. For Free - - dom ever - - more !
Cres

"The Meuse, the Meuse, the Belgian

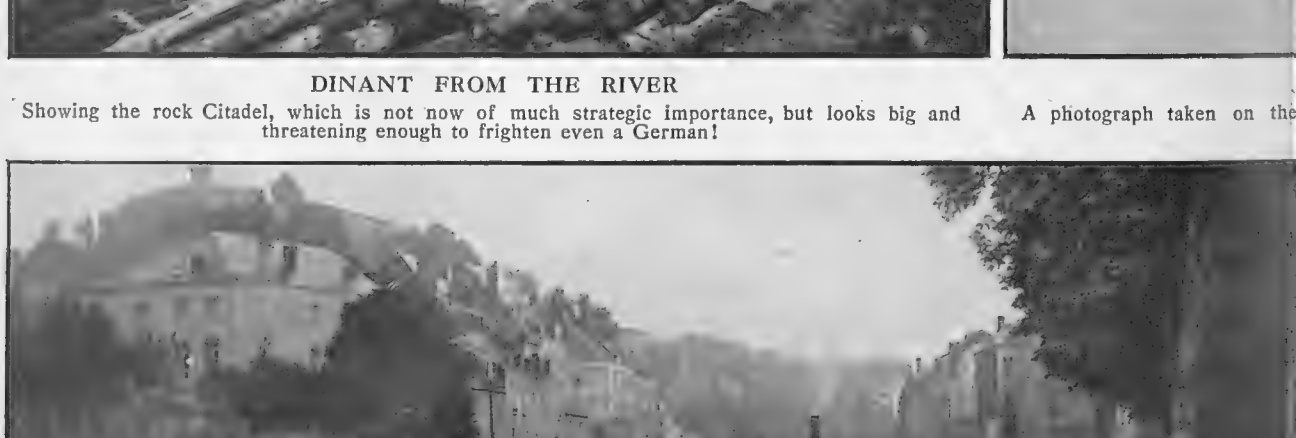
GODINES ON THE MEUSE

A view taken from the high road which leads down to Dinant, Sedan and France

DINANT FROM THE RIVER

Showing the rock Citadel, which is not now of much strategic importance, but looks big and threatening enough to frighten even a German!

A photograph taken on the



A VIEW UP THE RIVER AT NAMUR

Namur is strategically important and is protected by nine almost impregnable forts placed at a distance of from two and a half to four and a half miles apart

Interest is strongly concentrated at present on the river Meuse, which flows through the Netherlands, Belgium and France to the Rhine. At many points along its banks are almost impregnable fortresses, notably at Dinant and Namur, photographs of which are reproduced

Meuse"—and May It Ever So Remain!

DINANT AND LE ROCHER BAYARD

side of the river opposite from the view point of the picture on the left, giving a good idea of the great height of the sentinel rock by the Citadel

THE PONT DES JAMBES, NAMUR

This bridge, in the event of a German advance upon the Eastern bank, would be destroyed

above. In these fortresses Germany will find hard nuts to crack—as hard or harder as the one they unexpectedly found at Liège. In the opinion of many strategists one of the first big battles between the Allies and Germany will be fought in the vicinity of Namur

Alsace Returns—for a Moment

TO THE COVETED JOYS OF POSSESSION BY FRANCE

PULLING DOWN GERMAN FRONTIER POLES ON THE ALSACE BORDER

French soldiers crossed into Alsace ten days ago and drove the Germans back from the frontier they set up in 1871, but though the French still hold Altkirche, they have been in turn driven out of Mülhausen. They still hold the heights above that town, however, so that the joy with which they pulled down the offensive German frontier poles may not be so short-lived as seems possible at the time of going to press when their progress has just been checked

By E. A. MORROW

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Sale of the Secret Treaty

A TALE OF ALLEGED TREACHERY

BY THOMAS TATTENHAM

INSPECTOR SALTGRAIN had done such a good day's work spy-hunting that our Colonel asked him in for a smoke after dinner one evening shortly after the declaration of war.

"Thank God," the Colonel had said, "all these spying devils *are* Germans, and that there are no British traitors among 'em."

"So *you* think, Colonel," said the Inspector, "that the worst form of crime is treachery to your country. Well, to be perfectly frank, I've sold a British secret myself. There! I thought that'd have something of an effect. So you won't drink with me till I've explained myself? Very well. I repeat, gentlemen, that I sold a British State secret, and at a time of crisis, to a Government that was willing to pay through the nose for anything it could turn to its own advantage."

At first, we had the instinct to pitch the man who had made such a confession out of the nearest window. But a wink from the colonel—who knew the inspector—restrained us, and we let him proceed—as follows:—

"It was at the time of the Abu-Klang trouble with Germany. D'you remember how it nearly led to war, and then was suddenly settled?—how, nobody save myself and one other person knows.

"Well, the production of a certain document at a certain time may often serve a Government, and it was I who was able to offer to the Government in question a British State secret, the disclosure of which caused us to make the best terms we could to secure peace. Outrageous, was it? Treachery, eh? Sold my country, did I? Well, listen, and you'll be better able to judge the degree of my criminality.

"Briefly, what had happened was the sudden appearance of a German warship off the coast of Asia Minor and the landing of marines on the pretext of protecting the Abu-Klang Consulate from non-existent revolutionaries. England was instantly up in arms about the affair, and our Press rang with denunciations. Forgotten it? Dear, dear, what short memories we have—and of a crisis that, had it not been carefully handled, might have led to a war just as sanguinary as the present, in which we might easily have been worsted.

"As it happened, all that resulted was a bargain and—the addition of a million or so to the Naval Budget of the Power that had caused the crisis and was said at that moment actually to desire war on any pretext.

"My part in the affair is as follows:—

"I, like everybody else, was up to my neck in excitement as to the issue of the crisis. I had nothing specially to do at the time, for crime doesn't go on so much at times of national stress. Even the enterprising burglar has his patriotic instincts, and is apt to let business go when war looms on the horizon. Murderers, too, seem to pause in their activities. London was, however, full of international spies, and it was mostly in them that I was interesting myself at the moment. I have a useful false beard and moustache and sombrero which I usually affect when I frequent spy circles. I saw that the occasion called for a German accent.

"'You think,' I said to a neighbour, over café-cognac in a certain Soho café frequented by internationals, 'there will be war?'

"'No,' he said. 'Certainly not. Unless one of the Governments wants it. The affair will be settled if a certain British secret is immediately disclosed.'

"'To disclose a British secret would prevent war?'

"I opened my eyes, and naturally. You know my strong views in favour of international peace and amity.

"'Yes,' he said. 'And I've got it here in my pocket.'

"'You have a British secret in your pocket which, if disclosed, would prevent war? Then why do you not disclose it?'

"'Because I am a Pole. What dose it matter to me if there is war against the Russian—the oppressor of millions of my countrymen?'

"'But war is a shocking thing, and I would rather my country lost a secret than a hundred thousand of her sons. What will you take for the secret?'

"'What's it worth to you?'

"'How can I say? You know its value. I don't.'

He named a price. It was a high one. But so excited was I at the prospect of preventing a bloody war that I thought it my duty to risk the money. I made an appointment for the following night at the same place. He placed a sealed envelope on one side of the table: I, a roll of banknotes on the other.

"'Now,' I said, 'if this is a British secret you will take that money, and I will take it—to do what I think fit with.'

"'So,' said Stanislaus.

"I opened the envelope and read. When I had read I whistled soft but long.

"'Take the money,' I said, pocketing the document.

"Well, that was the fifth of December. On the sixth, the papers announced what they called a *détente*—that is, a lessening of tension. On the seventh that the crisis had collapsed, on the eighth peace was assured. And why? Because, gentlemen, I sold that British secret to the quarter which was able to turn the knowledge of it to the service of peace.

"Was I justified? Discuss it. I'll listen. . . . Thank you, gentlemen! I see you're agreed—and that you condemn me unanimously. You say that no matter how deep a man's love of peace he has no right to secure it by selling his country's secrets to the enemy. But, my dear friends, I didn't tell you I sold it to the enemy. To a Government, yes! But I didn't say the German Government. Let me tell you what

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

the document was that I sold to this Government. It was the original draft of a secret Treaty between England and Germany, signed ten years ago, by our then Foreign Secretary, an elderly gentleman whose absence of mind was notorious. It contained, among other things, the concession to Germany of this very port of Abu-Klang should certain contingencies arise in the Turkish Empire.

"Now, the Secretary must have mislaid that draft. Soon after, he was taken ill and retired, the statesman with whom he had made the "deal" fell out of the Kaiser's favour and retired too. When our present Foreign Secretary took office he had no knowledge of this Treaty at all. In opposing Germany's occupation he was, therefore, acting wrongly, and Germany, like the sly dog she is, knew it. Directly our man knew of the treaty, however, he had no alternative, of course, but to climb down, and his knowledge of it was the result of an interview he had with me, at which he acquired the document from me at the price I had paid Stanislaus for it. His surprise was only equalled by his truly British and very Liberal delight in discovering that England was genuinely in the wrong and able to climb down with Christian rectitude.

"You see, the Government to which I sold a British secret in order to preserve the peace of Europe was the British Government. *Now*, was I a traitor? No? Thank you, gentlemen, and perhaps you *will* now condescend to let me drink with you." THOMAS TATTENHAM.

During the continuance of the War, the Editor is obliged to turn his attention to matters other than those of a purely literary character, and authors are therefore asked to suspend any contributions they may intend to submit until a time when the public will be in a more propitious humour.

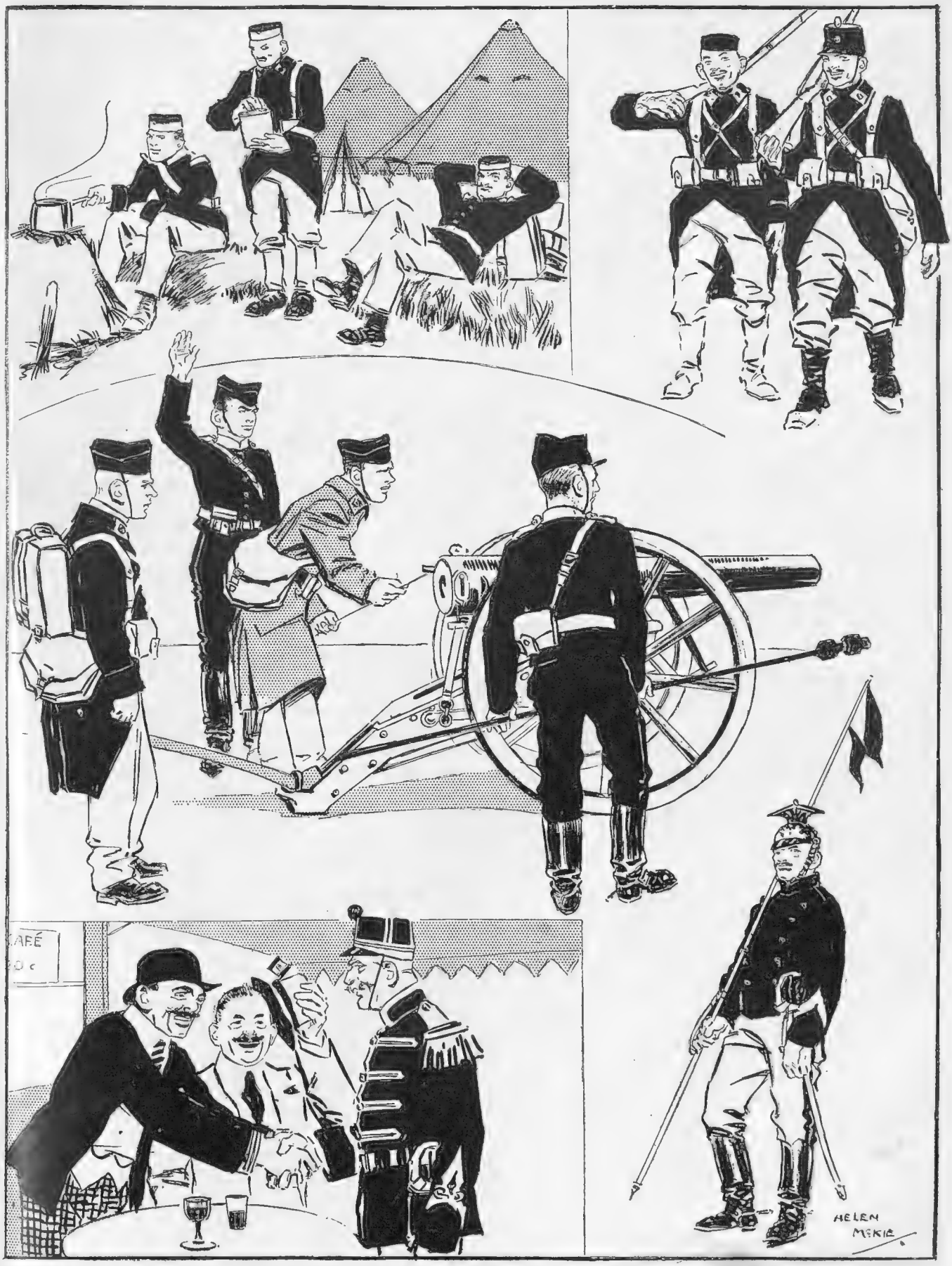
Right Men in the Right Places

OFF TO ATTEND HIS FIRST CABINET MEETING: EARL KITCHENER, K.P.

The new Secretary for War leaving the War Office en route for Downing Street to attend a meeting of the Cabinet—the right man in the right place if ever there was one. On the left of the picture, on the steps, is Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., the Chief of the new Press Bureau—also a right man in the right place

"You Must Be Proud of Your Brave Army"

King George's telegram to King Albert of Belgium



TYPES OF THE BELGIAN ARMY, OUR GALLANT ALLIES

(1) Belgian infantry in camp. (2) Types of Belgian infantry. (3) Belgian artillery in action. (4) The news of Liège in a Brussels cafe. (5) Belgian Lancer of the regiment which has behaved so gallantly at Liège.

The Benefits of War!

A FEW COMPENSATIONS FOR A GREAT EVIL

BY A BYSTANDER ABOUT TOWN

Muddle-Headed Spartans

THERE is a tribe of muddle-headed Spartans who are fond of asserting that war is a kind of Dr. Gregory's Powder, intensely unpleasant but beneficial. It is difficult to be patient with them, because anything which tends to turn a race of civilised men into a race of savage beasts and to destroy the physical *élite* of a whole nation is obviously the greatest of evils which no amount of minor benefits can equalise.

But it is futile, also, to deny that there are such benefits. For instance, contrast London at the present time with the London of a fortnight ago. At the end of July practically the whole of richer London was given over to extreme luxury. For the last two months every smart young man had been, and still was, deluged with invitations to attend parties, mostly given by people he didn't know, where champagne flowed like a river in flood, where expensive flowers were scattered like daisies, only to be thrown away the next morning, where everybody dissipated their not too plentiful supply of individuality in vapid conversations with dozens of individuals utterly indifferent to them. A general waste of everything, in fact.

Lack of Money

Suddenly all this stops. Extravagance is tabu. Everybody feels the necessity of discriminating between real friends and mere acquaintances. In short, London is precipitated into a normal, sane state of mind, having learnt perforce to distinguish the things that matter from the things that don't.

Especially is this true of money. Many rich people—and the lesson has been, perhaps, particularly useful to some of our American friends—have realised for the first time what it feels like to be without money, not to be able to cash cheques.

THE LITTLE TIN GOD

The Weakness of Cheque-Books

Some plutocrats seem to have been unable hitherto to conceive a state of being where the cheque-book was not omnipotent. They have had an experience that, in ecclesiastical parlance, may prepare them somewhat for the next world where money counts for nothing and personal qualities for everything. Which is undoubtedly good for their souls—that is, if they possess anything so unfashionable.

A Remedy for Carelessness

It is a little dull, I am afraid, to insist on the obvious improvements that war works in a society. We have all heard so much about national solidarity, "sticking together," mutual help, self-sacrifice, etc., that some of us are a little tired of the whole altruistic vocabulary. But it is none the less an admirable one. When, moreover, it is translated into action, as we English can truly boast it has been in this case, there is no conceivable doubt that it provides about the best possible remedy for our usual carelessness and frivolity.

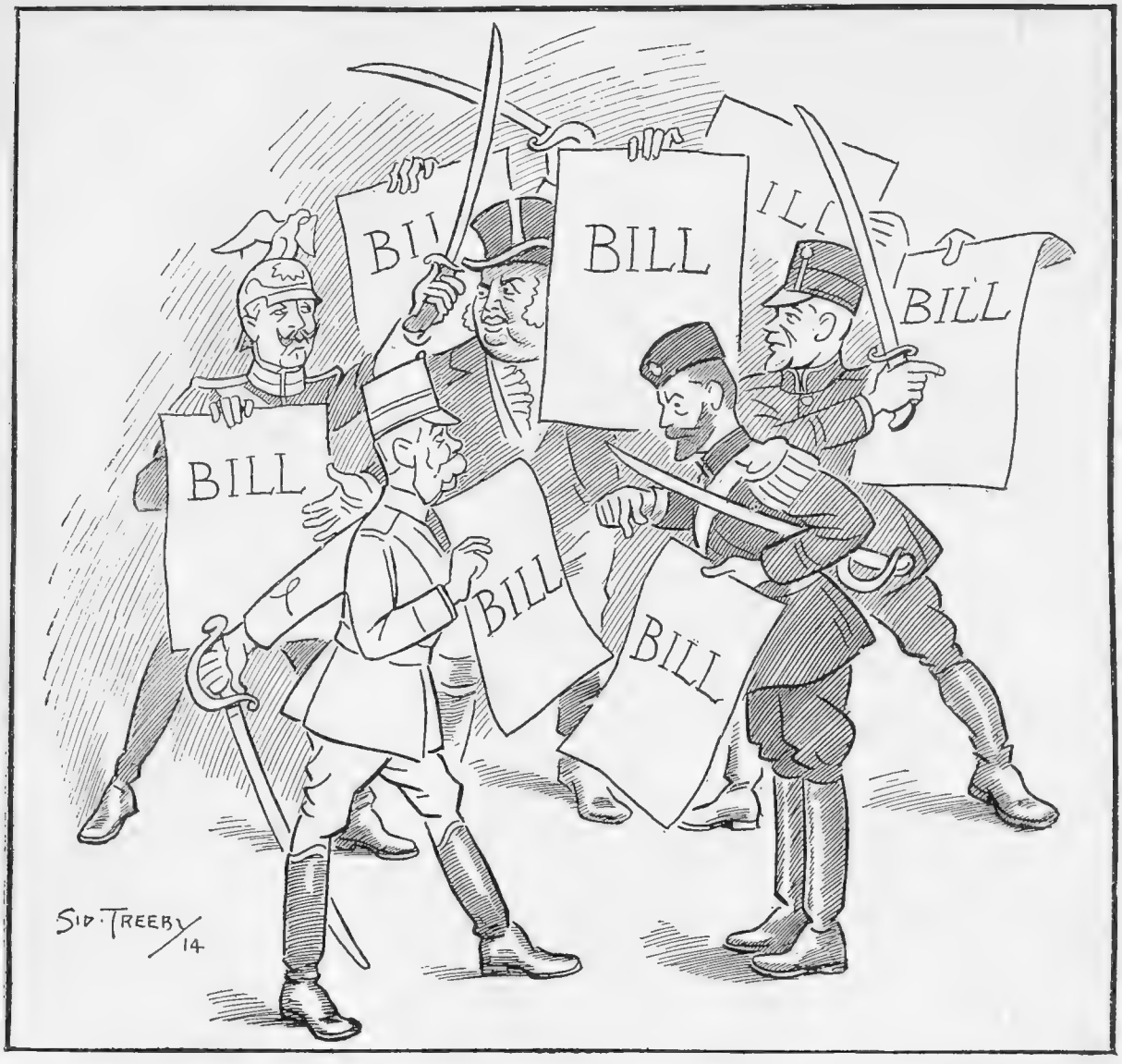
The Most Frivolous Race

For (let us be truthful) the English have during the last few years been the most frivolous race in the world. They have been so frivolous that they could not even be really keen on frivolity. Anything and everything—even when they liked it—was "too much of a bore" to do for more than a month at a time. And now they have got to do something they don't like possibly for many months at a time. Without being a Puritan it is possible to be quite glad of the discipline, if only because everybody will be able really to enjoy themselves so much better afterwards.

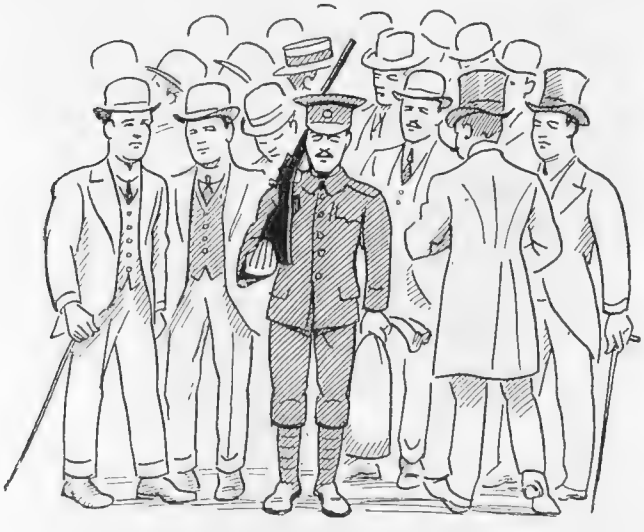
If We Win

Nevertheless, realising all this, it is well not to be carried away by moral enthusiasm. Because the centre of London life is, for the moment, shifted from Piccadilly Circus to Buckingham Palace it does not follow that London has been permanently raised to a higher plane of social and political intelligence. Temporarily, doubtless, we all construct policies and throw army corps from one end of Europe to the other. But once the war is over we shall sink back to our former indifference to anything unparochial. And this, I am afraid, will be true in different ways of most of the benefits the war has bestowed on us. All this, of course, if we win. If we lose—well, one does not like to think of that.

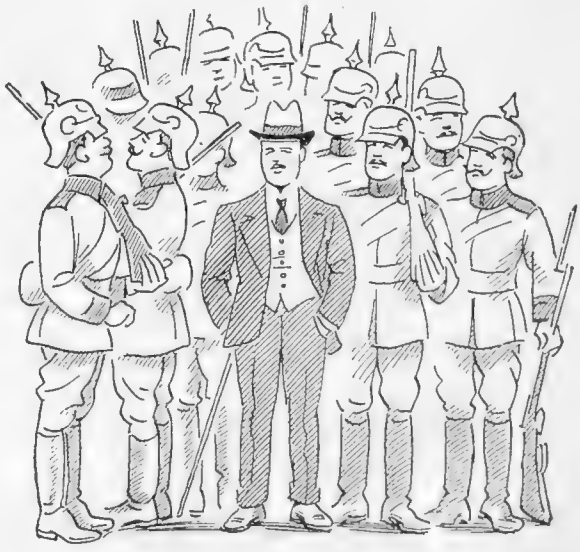
Bellicosities—Pictorial



AFTERWARDS WE WILL HAVE ANOTHER EUROPEAN WAR TO COLLECT THE DEBTS CAUSED BY THIS ONE



WHAT WAR MEANS IN ENGLAND



WHAT IT MEANS IN GERMANY

BY SID TREEBY

From John Bull's Other Island

BY A BYSTANDER IN DUBLIN

Has Anyone Seen an Army?

A WELL-KNOWN Irish statesman maintained that he has never been able to find the Irish Volunteers. I know what he meant when I called at their headquarters. I had pictured a seething mob clamouring to be enrolled, *feux de joie* being fired off in the air, rifles, if not machine-guns, being handed out, despatch-riders tumbling breathless off their motor-cycles. I slipped a revolver into my pocket, practised a few jiu-jitsu tricks in case of any rough work, and drove to Rutland Square to the hall of the United Irish Foresters, where, I had learned, the Volunteer Committees met and the Arch-Volunteer, Prof. John (or, rather, Eoin) MacNeill, was to be found.

At Headquarters

But there was no seething mob. Rutland Square is the most painfully respectable middle-class square of Dublin. There was no one in the street except one frowsy youth, who was very deaf and inquired whether I could spare him the sum of a halfpenny. I grasped the revolver and knocked at the door, which was opened absent-mindedly by a servitor of ancestral appearance. He appeared to be the only person in the building. Yes, there was some people met to talk about the Volunteers or something—he wasn't quite sure; there were so many committees—but they only came in the evening. Yes, there *might* be a gentleman called MacNeill. He didn't know; would ask. Hadn't heard of any other headquarters—though there *might* be. He would not make a dash at anything. A single German could have captured the stronghold without firing a shot.

I Track the Volunteers

But a friendly journalist whom I ran against informed me that the real centre of the organisation was at an address in Great Brunswick Street. Here I found no frantic mob of fire-eaters either. I did not find the office itself for some time. It was over a shop and reached by a small passage, containing a single motto, "Irish Volunteers," in a shaded corner. A butter-shop would be more splashy and ferocious. Not a drum was heard; there was no armed sentry or secret password. An extremely civil youth—all the visible staff—acknowledged that it was Mr. Kettle's office (Mr. Kettle is largely the creator of the Force), but that he was away at his place of business during the day. No, they were not on the telephone (his expression was that of one who wondered what people would want a telephone for). I found that Mr. Kettle was an engineer by profession; organising an army was his recreation of an evening.

System-less System

That was all I saw of the headquarters staff of the national army. From this table and chair in a small upper room has been organised within a few months a force of nearly a quarter of a million men—who look like becoming a million—at their own expense, and at first almost unofficered, whose organisation appears to be frictionless. If a Government department had done this, think what a palace of offices it would have had and what an army of officials, engaged in writing memoranda to each other, with private secretaries and pensions for their widows! As a smart business man put it the other day, you can tie ten men's hands together and call it system; you can do a thing wrong systematically. The Irish Volunteers appear to have done it right unsystematically. System is not everything; the German Army is full of system, the Belgian Army when I last saw it seemed to have very little.

A Nocturnal Army

The Irish Volunteers are an invisible army because they are a nocturnal army. Like certain animals, they come out at night and are hidden in the day. They are hidden in offices, in fishing-boats, in shops—making a living. They drill between eight o'clock in the evening and dusk. They arrive in twos and threes or in a rough formation under a leader. They go away whistling invariably the same air—"A Nation Once Again." Those who watched them arriving a few months ago tell me they would hardly recognise them as the same men. They have lost the kink of the knee and the slouch of the shoulder of a conquered race. They walk in step—a regularity usually abhorrent to the southern Irish. They are a different race from the "Fenian bands" who used to stumble along playing disjointed music on their way to political meetings on Sunday afternoons.

A Social Upheaval

But the last few weeks has seen a further revolution—a social one, a revolution which reconstructs Irish social conditions. Hitherto the island has been inhabited by two classes—the upper and the lower, the ruler and the ruled. Volunteering levelled up the lower; Mr. Redmond's speech in the House, a masterstroke of statesmanship, has levelled down the upper. They both meet on the same drill-ground, with a common purpose—mutual defence. The result in all probability will be the creation of a great middle-class.

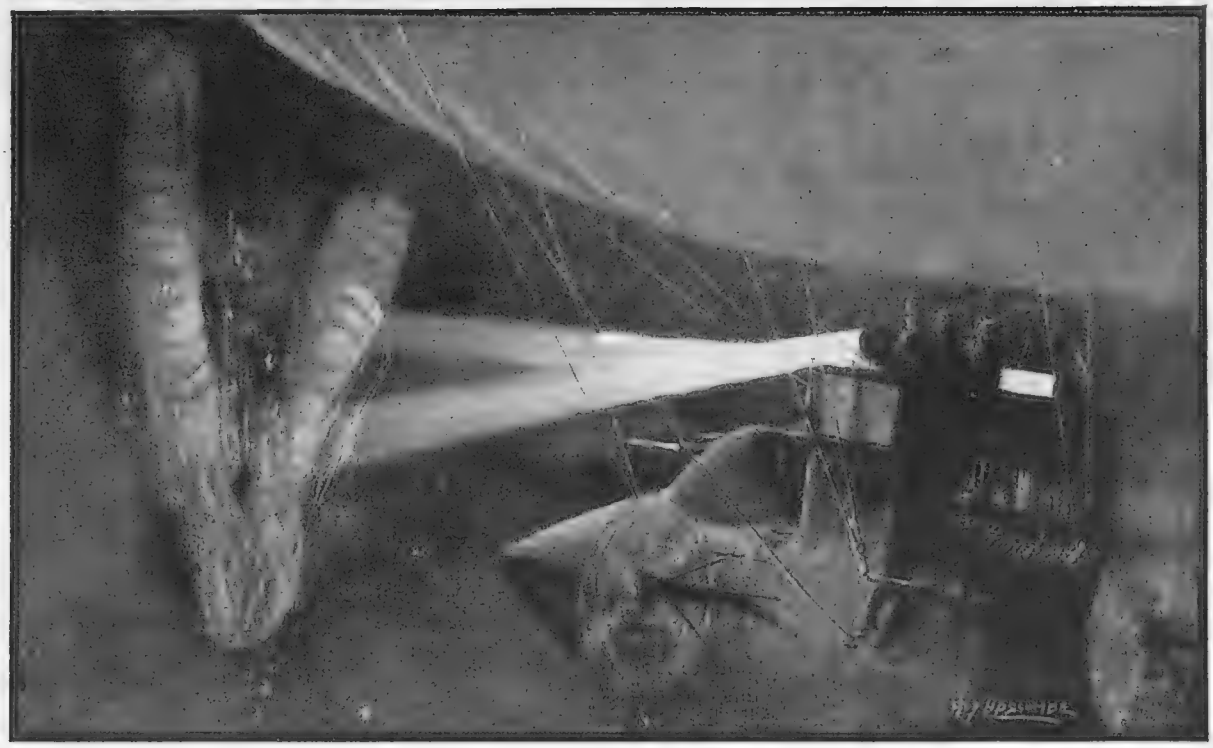
Emotional Politics

All this through a single sympathetic speech by Mr. Redmond. It ought to teach us the immense importance of the human side in politics. You cannot govern an Irishman if you treat him as if he were a motor-car. You cannot make a motor-car go better by taking it by the arm or offering it a cigarette; it has no nervous system. Brain is half feeling, it has been truly said. With Napoleon it was three-quarters; he secured his soldiers' devotion by a smile and a grasp of the shoulder, not by clever Acts of Parliament.

"Nothing Doing"

Meanwhile, Dublin trade is at a standstill. Offices are half-emptied of their reservists; trains and boats have stopped, and in consequence labourers are thrown out of work. The Horse Show is off—it would be a crime just now to own a number of horses. The tourist agencies are returning money by the shovelful. Even the soldiers guarding the railway not many yards away from me look bored.

HILL ROWAN



"THE AERO III. AT GRIPS WITH A ZEPPELIN"

A prophetic picture of aerial warfare, from an illustration in "The Docks of Hetzorg," by Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., published in 1910 So far this prophecy has not been fulfilled. There have been rumours of Zeppelins destroyed—but not by other monster aircraft. The destroying process has been effected by the air scout type—the aeroplane

Armageddon—in Prophecy

HOW NEAR SCARE-FICTIONISTS HAVE COME TO THE TRUTH

The Game of Forecasting

The game of forecasting has gone on merrily enough for nearly two hundred years, and many and varied are the accounts of that great European War in which we are to-day actually engaged. Not many of the prophets have shown the accuracy of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who two years ago was telling us that "a siege of Liège would be the first imperative necessity imposed upon the Germans at the outset of the campaign." Some of their work, indeed, reads rather ludicrously to-day; but that is only to be expected. International relations can and do change very rapidly. It is interesting to note, however, that almost without exception in these forecasts the Great War has been sprung upon this country at a moment's notice, and that whoever may be our Allies, Germany is almost invariably our Enemy. It is hardly ever we who have declared war.

An Early Guess

Even so far back as 1763 they were forecasting this War. According to the author of *The Reign of George VI.*, which appeared anonymously in that year, Russia had become the bully of the world in 1900, and France was a menace to ourselves; but our valorous King in person marched against the armies of both countries and soundly thrashed them. We are told how he "set sail with a formidable fleet . . of fifty-five sail of the line and two-and-twenty frigates." And it is interesting to read that the Duke of Bedford and not Mr. Winston Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty on that most momentous occasion.

"The Battle of Dorking"

Then, of course, there were the numerous scare-books issued just over a hundred years ago. Bonaparte was going to alter the face of Europe, and there were many writers ready to show how he was going to do it. After Waterloo, however, the prophets were obliged to turn their attention elsewhere, and about the middle of the century Germany definitely emerged to take France's old place as our potential enemy. In 1871 there appeared *The Battle of Dorking*—most famous of forecasts—which was published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May, and foretold our defeat at Germany's hands. The story was seriously discussed at the time, and numerous replies and contradictions were put forth. It was the first of the modern war-forecasts, but in these, it is to be noticed, we nearly always beat Germany. Yet there are gloomy prophets who have parcelled our Empire into hundreds of foreign dependencies, and one writer has had the effrontery to exterminate us altogether.

Mr. Louis Tracy's Conception

Twenty years ago the *entente* with France did not exist. Consequently when Mr. Louis Tracy was working on his *Final War* he did not hesitate to ally France with Germany against ourselves. The war he writes of is supposed to have taken place in 1898. At a meeting of the Powers held previous to hostilities, the British Empire is provisionally divided up among themselves. Germany also demands Belgium, and overcomes France's objection by offering her Alsace and Lorraine. Russia demands India. Gibraltar is coveted by all, but ultimately is given to Spain. And then, of course, we just start up and beat them all handsomely by land and sea. Incidentally America comes to our aid, and her President and Vice-President are made K.G.'s. This, I must admit, does not strike me as likely, but there are many passages in *The Final War*

which read well to-day. Speaking of the scene in Parliament after war has been declared, Mr. Tracy wrote: "In the appearance of the Commons there was something novel that would have staggered a Rip Van Winkle of a month. . . . For the first time in centuries the House of Commons presented externally no aspect of division or party."

"The Final War"

Mr. Tracy used real names. His Prime Minister was Mr. Balfour, who made a very fine speech on the occasion of America's offer of help. "This war," he told the House, "means that the forces that have worked for selfishness, for aggrandisement, for slavery, for personal greed, are pitted against the forces that work for liberty, for progress, for peace. It is an old world fighting with a new; it is feudalism taking its last stand against the democracy. Is the world to be the battleground of ambitious nations and cruel tyrannies; or is it to become a universal garden, smiling with peace, and ruled by temperate and beneficent wisdom? That is the tremendous problem which this war is to solve. And solved it must be. It is a war of extermination; it is, in truth, the Final War."

"BATTLESHIPS IN MORTAL COMBAT"
From "The Final War," by Louis Tracy. Published in 1896 by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.
This prophetic picture has gone entirely wrong, for the battleships are seen all bunched together in the fight, whereas in modern warfare a naval battle takes place between opposing fleets at least a mile or more distant from one another

Mr. Alan Burgoyne's Story

In Mr. Tracy's story His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor was taken prisoner. The same mishap occurs to him in *The War Inevitable*, written some six or seven years ago by Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P. Here the great war follows close on the marriage of an English Princess to a son of the Kaiser. It happens that the greater portion of our fleet is gathered at Portsmouth to do honour to the Mikado, then on a visit, and Germany plans a devilish raid. After the celebrations are over, and in the middle of the night, a flotilla of German torpedo-boats steals up: "From every side came a swarm of dark grey shapes, moving at lightning speed down the long, far-strung lines. From east they came, from west they came, belching great sheaves of crackling sparks, spitting red whirls of flame, driving huge waves, white-crested, in their van and leaving a twisting spume beneath their stern. Panting in ardent haste, trembling with the awful passion of a thousand devils, they cut along. To the left they went east, to the right they went west — and frenzied sailors cleared the lean quickfirers and cast fair trappings of the evening's ball in ruthless haste aside."

Measures Taken

Hurried measures are, of course, taken. "Lord Kitchener chanced, by the best of good fortune, to be home on furlough, and on Wednesday morning he received a hasty summons to wait upon the King at the Palace." Then there comes a German attack from the south, and, as usual, Worthing is chosen as the point of most importance. Here Mr. Burgoyne draws your attention to this question of a landing-place. "It is a strange fact," he writes, "that in all works of fiction dealing with future wars, and in which an invasion of these isles is attempted, the rising town of Worthing is almost invariably chosen for the hostile landing." As in *The Final War*, America offers her help, but in this case it is courteously refused. France is our friend. In spite of this fact, the European situation was not precisely as it is to-day. "Russia had by her Alliance with Germany given our foes the free hand they desired outside their native land, and the weight of this Alliance, held out as a menace around the French borders, effectually prevented our friends on the other side of the Channel from offering us the aid they would have liked to give us." "Italy was staunchly for us, but dared not voice the sentiments of her people." We are successful, of course, but not until Lord Kitchener, instead of becoming Secretary of State in the ordinary constitutional way, has gone down to the House of Commons and given its members just two minutes to get outside. But in time of war, as we ourselves are beginning to see, strange things are done.

RALPH STRAUS

England at War

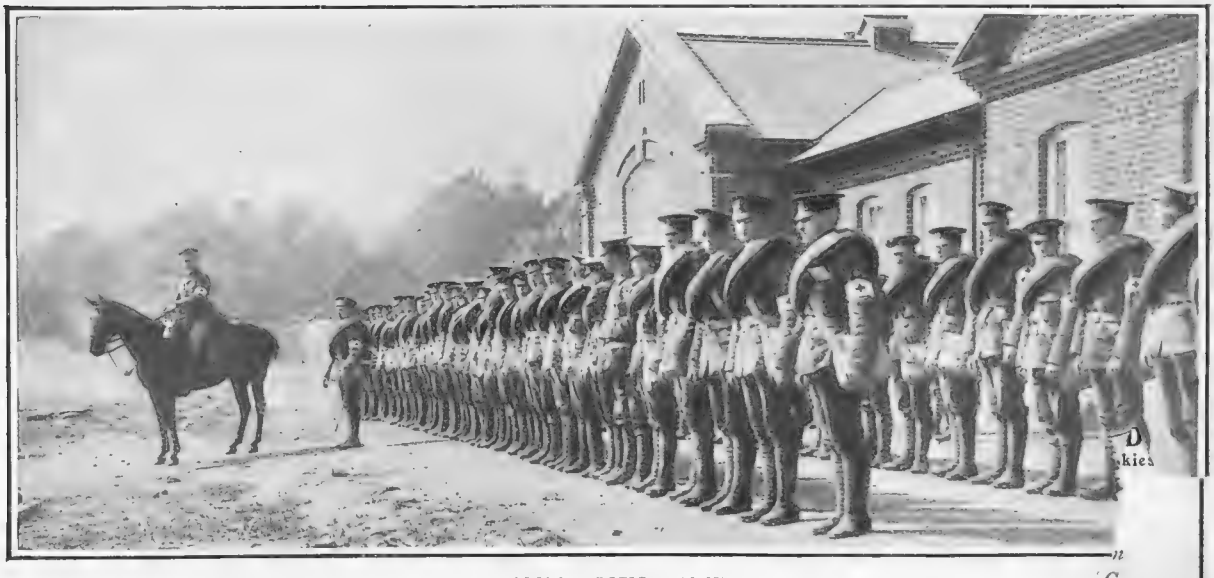
NON-COMBATANTS IN VARIOUS ASPECTS

FOOTBALL IN AID OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' FUND

A great crowd paid admission to see the first football match of the season at Chelsea on Saturday, the receipts going towards the Prince of Wales' War Fund

NEEDLEWORK FOR THE FRONT

Ladies making woollen shirts at Claridge's Hotel for use in Lord Tredegar's yacht, which is to be used as a relief ship to the hospital ships on the French and Belgian coasts



A NEW BRITISH UNIT

A new Unit has been added to the British forces, and is to be called the Sanitary Detachment. Its chief duties will be to i and water supplies in the towns and villages through which the troops will pass

The Theatre of Peace

WHY IT SHOULD NOT BE ECLIPSED BY THE THEATRE OF WAR

BY "JINGLE"

THESE are times at which it behoves us to beware of the danger of calculated gloom. The Ides of March are come, and now more than ever is it a public duty to guard against the systematic depression that has been known to lead to despair. We have to keep ourselves in heart, and to this end it is imperative that the day's work should be followed by the day's play. Those who have hitherto been in the habit of attending places of entertainment should continue to do so, since it is desirable that the country should be kept merry and bright. Our public entertainers are doing their country's work, and are doing it on the whole very well, especially as their aim is to make us a people of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." In these practical days we have no room for those who would hang their harps on the willow, and sit down by the waters and weep. What we have to do is to get to the work in hand to-day, and take a proper recreation afterwards in order that we may resume it to-morrow with the diligence which in itself is a guarantee of success.

"BUSINESS CARRIED ON AS USUAL"

Besides, we are a commercial country, and as someone has happily remarked, business is business. The theatrical business has travelled far from the day when the play-actor was just a genial vagabond who mimed for our idle delight. Theatrical enterprise to-day is propped up by a host of minor industries, and if the main edifice is ruined the props (especially in the theatrical sense) go with it. If the theatrical profession is not supported at such a time as this, it will come to the ground heavily, and bring with it all the allied callings that look to it for their daily bread. In times of general stress and storm there is no more ge[illegible] worker for the holy cause of charity than the acto[illegible] ga[illegible]d his manager; but neither of them can give Mikado, t[illegible] has not got. As a nation of shopkeepers, raid. Aft[illegible]e, it would seem to be our simplest and most middle of t[illegible] duty to keep the actor in a shop.

steals up: "

grey shapes, n[illegible]ce to a warning from those in high places far-strung line[illegible] ceased to hoard gold (a concession that came, belching [illegible]ough for most of us!), and we may agree that it is equally unseemly and unpatriotic to be sparing with our cheerfulness, since such economy injures both the consumer and the producers of the goods supplied. The shifting of the centre of interest from the ordinary theatre to the theatre of war must not be allowed to absorb our entire attention. After all, the theatre is a permanent institution, whereas war is, after all, only the affair of a single season. It is on record that Edmund Kean, being once disturbed by the adverse criticisms of a military officer in a private box at his theatre, stopped his performance for a moment in order to expostulate with the offender in his very best style, saying: "The King, sir, God bless him! can make any man an officer, but only Almighty God can make an actor!" If the facts as above stated are correct it becomes us ill to ignore this Divinely ordained endowment.

The day before the Russo-Japanese War began, General Nogi, the Japanese Commander-in-Chief, went fishing for trout. He had, he said, thought of everything; his work of preparation for the war was done, and he wanted to start the next chapter with a clear head and a new set of ideas. History has since convinced us that that day's fishing was a good job for Japan. At such a time as this the public needs its theatres and its music-halls just as a sick child needs an amusing toy to bring it back more quickly to health and strength. We have all got our little bit to do just now for the public weal, and not the least of our duties is that of keeping the public pecker up. There is no sense in sitting down and sighing or fretting over the march of events that we cannot stay; and there is less sense still in employing leisure hours with the dismal contemplation of disaster that may never come. It is related of a fine old English gentleman that he had carved over his dining-room mantelpiece this record of his experience of life: "I have had many troubles, but the worst of them never happened." The moral of which is: Don't worry, but get your work done and go to the theatre as usual. The worst never comes; but even if it should come, let us at least go down with bands playing and colours flying in the proper British way.

JINGLE

LEADING ACTORS AS UNDERSTUDIES

Should it be necessary for some of the London theatres to close—as we devoutly hope will not be the case—we shall doubtless find our leading actors turning their attention to E.C. forms of public service, and scenes such as the above may be of common occurrence in London Town

BY NOI

Femina

WOMEN AND WAR—No. II.

BY "EFEMERA"

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO TO STEP INTO MEN'S SHOES

Woman's Place in War-Time

All citizens, male and female alike, owe their service to the country in time of war. That the service which may, and should be, expected of women is different from that of men, less obvious to the eye, less glorious, in a spectacular sense, does not make it less valuable. Women should realise this, and they should also realise that the woman best fitted to undertake her ordinary duties in times of peace is the best trained to assume her proper place when the country goes to war.

Lack of Training

In no country, so far as I know, have women's services been officially recognised or adequately prepared for, in peace. The result is that when war is declared the organisers of such service as women can best render are besieged by hosts of women, eager to serve, but for the most part totally untrained. Much time is lost and countless energy wasted.

Necessary Education

It has always been my conviction that every woman should be taught cooking, sewing, and nursing as a necessary part of her education. No girl not adequately qualified in each of these domestic arts should be permitted to marry, whatever her station in life. In addition to this, women of any special aptitude should be trained in the performance of various civic duties. The outdoor girl who can drive a motor-car or boat or manage horses has a valuable string to her bow, so, also, has the woman telegraphist, the typist, the accountant, the trained social worker.

To Step into Men's Shoes

Imagine a fortunate nation whose women are not only willing, but competent, to undertake in time of war the civic work and duties of men called into active service. Imagine that nation having at its disposal a large corps of trained and enrolled women, each registered according to her special ability, ready to be called into service at a day's notice. The losses of a country in war are not only those of the field; the disorganisation of public services, and agriculture is quite as disastrous and far-and, to a large extent, unnecessary if women ed to step into the shoes of husband, brother, heart. There is no reason why women be utilised not only as nurses and in the and distribution of poor relief, but in the ches of the civil service, by the War Office interpreters, and as farmers, market-eepers, tram and omnibus conductors, postmen, messengers, etc.—no reason precedent and preparedness.

The Realities of Nursing

Unfortunately, we are not prepared, and it is too late entirely to remedy that. It remains for us to do the best in our power. No woman whose time is not wholly taken up by the needs of her children and family should sit idle. Each should ask herself seriously in what direction her individual ability lies and make the most of it. Nursing is the first idea that occurs to most. It is undoubtedly a necessary service and a patriotic one, and it appeals to the romantic side of feminine nature. As a matter of fact, nursing is not a whit more romantic than any other female task; it is an arduous and serious business that, above all others, requires both training and experience. An incalculable amount of harm may be done by amateur and bungling nurses.

Nurses at Home

Many women of no experience who rush to offer themselves to the Red Cross have a vague and roseate idea of binding up wounds, soothing fevered brows, and writing letters to anxious relatives—all very well in its way, but very short of the real work needed. Also, the nursing of soldiers and sailors, whatever its romantic halo, is not the only branch to be considered. There will be an increasing need of women willing and able to devote their attention to the ordinary sick, to replace the district and hospital nurses called from their ordinary duties and to lighten the duties of those who remain.

Further Suggestions

Those who are not born nurses, and who lack the requisite training, need find no lack of occupation in the relief of poverty, the making and distribution of garments, as cooks, market-gardeners, etc. Many women possess marked ability in organisation and administration; these and the women having a business training, and those used to clerical work and accounting, might well be utilised by the Government if enrolled under a responsible committee.

Complementary Partners

There is practically no limit to the civic duties that might, and should, be undertaken by women. It remains for the women themselves to demonstrate their seriousness of purpose, capability, and competence to show clearly their title to the civic rights they have claimed. It should not be difficult where patriotism and the spirit of self-sacrifice go hand in hand. It is a magnificent opportunity for convincing the nation that women no less than men are the able servants of State and people, that, although unlike man's, woman's service is equally valuable—woman supplementing and complementing man, partners in the welfare of the nation. EFEMERA

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WHEN AND FOR WHAT WILL IT BE WANTED?
The formal opening last year of the Stadium in Berlin where the next Olympic games are due to be held in 1916

Sport in War-time

The "Stop All Sport" Cry

I AM very delighted to find that Englishmen can still keep their heads. When we, in the world of sport, first knew of the thing which the country was up against, we were bound to expect that there would be a slump in sport, as in everything else. A European war takes some getting used to, and it was inevitable that when we were faced with one a certain section of the community would be so appalled by the horror of it as to regard the indulgence in any form of pastime at such a crisis as impious. Their opinions must necessarily command respect, but events have proved that this respect was tempered with the conviction—of the majority—that they are wrong.

***

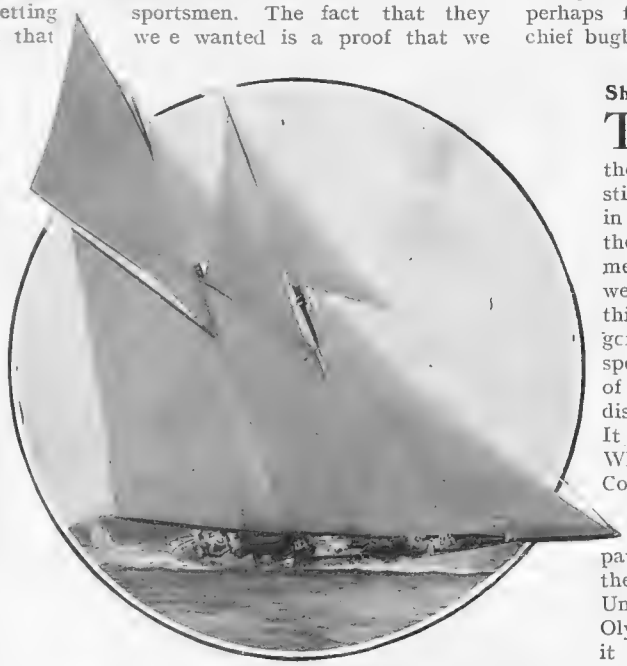
Why it was Wrong—

We cannot all join in the war, however much we may want to. Some of us—a great many of us—have other jobs on hand which we shall do good rather than harm to the State by sticking to. The argument that a nation at war is going to come out on top—in the end—by turning itself into one vast army has a big flaw in it. It was difficult to realise, when the crisis first came, that, broadly speaking, the ordinary life of the nation must go on, and, moreover, that those who were helping it to go on were doing a lot of good; but you have only to take a walk through any part of London, or the suburbs, or, for the matter of that, any town in the provinces to realise that this is so, and that we are alive to the fact that we are doing something for the common weal by "keeping going."

***

—And "Keep Going" is Right

One of the best ways of keeping going is to keep fit, and we shan't keep fit unless we indulge in our customary healthy recreations. The people who, when they see us playing games, accuse us of fiddling, like our old friend Nero of schoolboy memory, while the city burns are talking nonsense. The war may claim, and in fact has already claimed, some of the best of our sportsmen. The fact that they were wanted is a proof that we others who are compelled to stay at home need not despair. We can still help to keep the life of the nation in a healthy condition.



Photograph *Kirk, Cowes*

A PRISONER OF WAR
Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach's racing schooner "Germania" which has been "captured" at Southampton

***

What About the Olympic Games?

In the light of what is happening now it is almost comical to reflect that not so many weeks ago preparations were on foot for the holding of the Olympic Games in Berlin. I can picture the cynical smile with which those "in the know" in Germany must have watched these preparations. It is quite conceivable that they were allowed to go on as part and parcel of a gigantic scheme of bluff. We may even derive some comfort from the reflection that bad as the war is for everybody it will do sport at least one good turn by putting a stop—perhaps for good and all—to its chief bugbear.

***

Shattered Illusions

THE BYSTANDER has always been a consistent scoffer at the Olympic Games, and in sticking to this attitude it has in reality voiced the opinion of the majority of British sportsmen. The Olympic Games were going to do all sorts of things; in particular they were going, through the medium of sport, to bind the nations of the world together in indissoluble ties of friendship. It looks like it, doesn't it? When the British Olympic Council in its preliminary report on the Games at Stockholm lamented pathetically "the failure of the general public of the United Kingdom to take the Olympic Games seriously" it was unconsciously paying a well-deserved tribute to the sagacity of the said general public.

***

The Prophetic Instinct of the B.P.

The general public, not being so blindly optimistic as the British Olympic Council saw that these games, so far from leading up to good fellowship, seemed peculiarly adapted for the production of bad blood and bickering even between countries possessing a common language and origin, and whose athletes were ordinarily upon the best of terms with each other. The fact that the B.O.C.'s frenzied appeal to the B.P. to buck up

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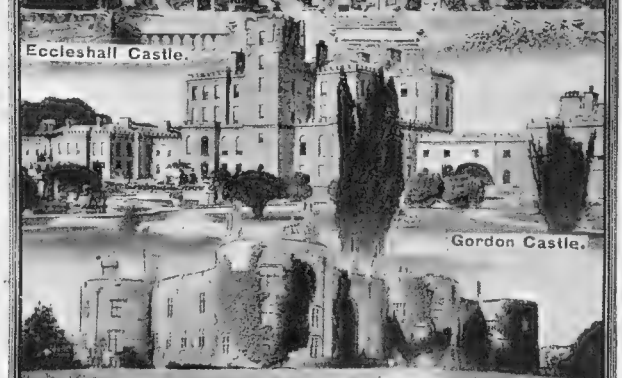
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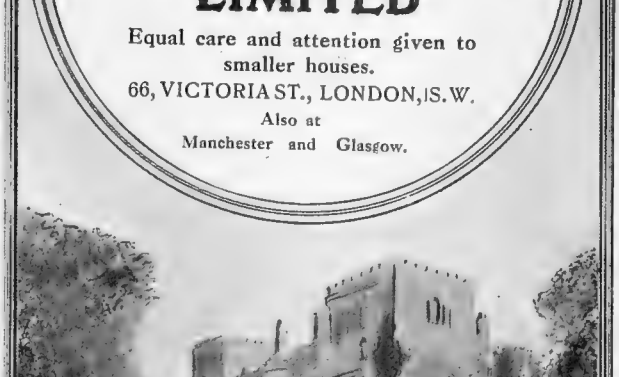
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and plank the money down for the next show in Berlin fell almost upon deaf ears would appear to indicate that the B.P. was gifted with a sort of prophetic instinct, and, even if this was not so, it proved the sound common sense of the B.P. in refusing to waste its substance upon a scheme which was Utopian, unreal, and likely (as events have shown) to be blown sky-high at any moment.

***

International Lawn Tennis

Another institution which, to put it bluntly, has been considerably blown upon by recent events is the International Lawn Tennis Federation. I wonder where and when the next meeting of this heterogenous assembly will be held, and what prospect there is of France and Germany agreeing upon a proposal, say, for the alteration of the foot-fault law? The American National Association were wise enough to have nothing to do with this impracticable scheme for the establishment of one governing body for the game of lawn tennis all over the world. They could not see what good it could do them if they "came in," and they were right.

***

Things That No Longer Matter

The English Association, on the other hand, "came in." Like the British Olympic Council they had got the bee of the brotherhood of sport in their bonnets, as well as a laudable desire, as far as France was concerned, to live up to the spirit of the *entente cordiale*. And, if the truth must be told, they also had an uneasy feeling—for which there was no ground whatever—that if they stood out they might get left. And the result of it all was that they deliberately sacrificed a good deal of their independence, and found themselves consenting reluctantly (for the sake of peace and quietness) to propositions with which they were not really in accord. The Continental point of view on the question of amateurism, for instance, proved embarrassingly quaint. However, these little difficulties are all merged now in the much bigger one; and the somewhat disquieting fact that that distinguished amateur lawn tennis player, Herr von Snuffemout, does not "appear" at a Continental meeting unless his hotel and railway expenses, *plus* a retaining fee of a guinea a day, are paid to him may at the present time be passed over with comparative unconcern. In sport, as in everything else, the war is going to straighten a good many things up—including Herr von Snuffemout and the likes of him. H. S. S.

The War and Field Sports

HOW IT WILL AFFECT HUNTS AND HORSE SHOWS

The Hunting Outlook

In ordinary times cub-hunting would be in full swing in most countries at the end of the present month. This year the cubs will enjoy a high old time in those places which have been practically denuded of horses. I suppose it will still be possible for huntsmen and whippers-in to find some screws on which they can take their young hounds into the coverts. It will be a patchwork business, but the cubs must be thinned somehow.

The Nation's Asset

The majority of Hunt stables are bereft of horses by the demand which has been made upon them by the military authorities. Hunting people will be glad to know that they have been able to assist the country in this important emergency. Those who persistently write down foxhunting are apt to lose sight of the fact that it provides a natural and almost unrivalled reserve of the best type of cavalry horse. Never was such a reserve more valuable than in these days of motor traction. If certain poultry agitators had their way foxhunting could not be carried on except under impossible conditions—I have in mind the Bill presented to Parliament just before the war by Mr. Kellaway. Such a measure would mean the extinction of hunting in many places, together with the probable disappearance of that splendid breed of "general utility" horse used in the sport, and now much prized by the cavalry.

Training for Cavalry

Another sporting point which suggests itself as the result of the war is the truth of the contention that hunting provides a splendid training for cavalrymen. The list of Masters of Hounds has contributed many of its members to His Majesty's Army in the present mobilisation, and the same can be remarked of the members of Hunts generally. Their horsemanship, pluck, and resource have been put to a searching test in many a long day with the hounds, and I imagine that Britain expects to find those qualities in her cavalry officers.

The Horse Shows

Dublin naturally laments the loss of its horse show this year, but with so many horses required for the troops it was inevitable that the show had to be cancelled. Many showgoers will miss the visit to Ballsbridge this month, but we are fated to miss many things during the next few anxious weeks, and the loss of a Dublin show is only a trifling matter among the greater issues now being fought out. The East Berks show and various other fixtures of this description have shared Dublin's fate for this year.

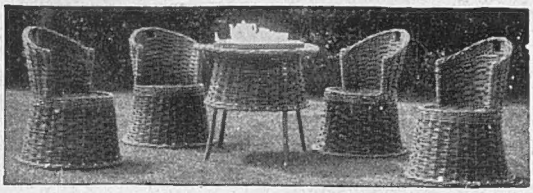
Coach Horses Gone

As for coaching, that became a dead-letter as soon as war was declared. The "Old Times" coach, which Lord Leconfield had intended to run for a month or two between Brighton and Arundel, was immediately taken off the road, many of its horses having been commandeered. Mr. Vanderbilt's horses have gone, and one hears of other private coach-owners who have contributed horses of much value to the purposes of the war authority.

The Chances of Grouse

One imagines that the grouse will have a better chance than ever before of passing comparatively unmolested in the season which formally opened a week ago. Shooting arrangements have shared in the general cancelling of plans. Most of those folk who have taken moors for the season cannot now carry out their arrangements owing to military duties. It is certain that many moors, especially in Yorkshire, will be all the better eventually for not being regularly shot over this season. Owing to disease a deplorably weak lot of birds were left on various moors last year, and it is to be feared the numbers will be below the average this season, though excellent accounts of birds come from the Highlands of Scotland, where the disease was not so virulent last season as it was on some North of England moors. A. W. C.

The "RUSTIC" SET.



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Set of 4 Chairs and Table, 27/6.

Crimson Cushions for Chairs, 1/9 each.

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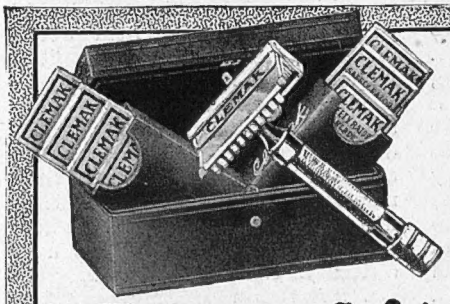

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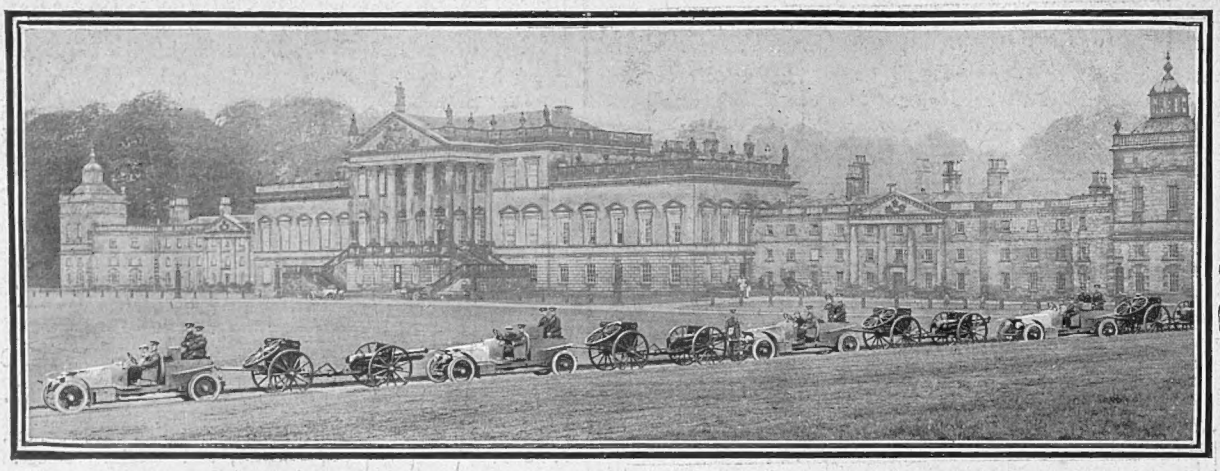

SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX GUN TRANSPORT CHASSIS AT WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE

These are some of the chassis with guns attached which took part in the recent emergency gun transport experiment, held at Wentworth Woodhouse, Lord Fitzwilliam's residence at Rotherham, seen in the picture, and along the roads to Cleethorpes, near Grimsby. The guns were hauled a distance of 72½ miles at a speed of 21 miles an hour. The test was carried out under Northern Command supervision and in view of the present war should have far-reaching results

What Motorists Are Doing in the War

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A "Motor War"

THIS, I am informed by the soberest of exaggerators, is going to be a motor war. We can therefore eliminate the qualification of our expert and call him a plain exaggerator. This, quite clearly, is not going to be a motor war; but the motor on the road (for purposes of transport), in the air (for purposes of observation), and on the sea (for scouting and tender work), is going to play a very important part indeed. And so it is a very large satisfaction that the private motorist, through his organisations, has come, and is coming, along in his thousands, bringing his car with him; that the pilot of the air, his machine under Government embargo, is standing by ready to take the wheel in a reconnaissance or a "Zep" ramming expedition; and that the marine motorist, equally ready, just waits to know how he or his craft may serve. So far as I can discover, there isn't a lamentation to be heard. The only thing that seems to be worrying the motorist is how he can be useful, and his only regret that he has only one car to offer and not a dozen. To these the move of the motor will come joyously. They can now include their names on the roll of convalescent homes and hold themselves in readiness to receive, convey, and minister to any soldier or sailor who comes back wounded from the war.

***

"We Serve"

It may all be unnecessary—we can hope it may most fervently. Indeed, the Government must be in something of a quandary caused by this volunteer rush, and hard put to it to know what to do with the cars and motoring service placed at its disposal. The State may never have need to billet the wounded around the private houses of the country. What does that matter? It is the spirit that counts—the readiness and anxiety not to evade responsibility and loss, but to experience and endure it. If this war is going to be decided by the attitude, the moral and physical attitude, of the citizens of the nations participating in it, there is no doubt that we shall finish all right. But we need not worry about a surfeit of cars and service. Register and keep on registering. Do it systematically so that Authority may not find itself too congested to move. Do it through your motoring organisations. If you haven't got one join up now. Let these bodies tabulate you, organise you into territorial order. They can do it in collaboration to-day. Then they can go to the military or civil authority with the map of the motoring forces. Here a thousand cars await you. There five thousand.

***

Help from Motor-Boats

Similarly with motor-boats. There are fewer of these, but they are equally ready and of large potential utility. The Royal Motor Yacht Club's *Enchantress* is already handed over for a hospital ship. Mr. A. J. Wilson's boat *Splash* was among the first offered to the Government for service. So was Mr. Guy Lewin's motor-yacht—Mr. Lewin, of course, being the engineer of that big deal which recently resulted in the acquisition by his company of the Friswell motor undertaking in Albany Street. And so on and so on, not forgetting the *Motor's* fine effort to organise the motoring homes of England under the Red Cross; and not forgetting either the contribution of the Scottish Motor Trade, which is now ready with 163 invaluable commercial vehicles, 985 motor-cars, eight motor chars-a-bancs, and 1,070 expert drivers. Verily Scotland yet!

Concerning Petrol

Touching petrol; you will doubtless already have seen the announcements of the petrol companies that prices have *not* been increased, and you will know by those presents that the petrol pedlars who have charged you high have been pilfering your pockets in anticipation. Their own trade organisation, the Motor Trades Association, has stepped in timely to handle this proposition, and we can leave that side of it quite safely in the hands of Percival Perry, the President, and Spencer Stafford, the Secretary, aided and abetted by a trade committee that will not tolerate brigandage. An increase of a few pence per gallon may be inevitable because of difficulties of transportation, but that at present is all. A shortage due to the act of the Government in cornering supplies may come presently; but that is another matter. The motorist has much less cause for complaint concerning inconvenience resulting from the present unrest than have the very poor to whom it means a shortage in the bare means of living; and I do not suppose the motorist *will* complain. Even in the case of sheer and unpardonable imposition such as this of the petrol pedlars, he will refrain from protest for fear of being misunderstood. That is, perhaps, as it should be; but the one thing he can do is to satisfy himself of the actual date the shortage due to governmental act commenced; and then he can make a careful little note of the petrol pedlars who mulcted him in double and treble prices before that date. So, when matters have arrived at calm again—and may the god of reason speedily overthrow the god of war—he can make Mr. Petrol Pedlar most painfully conscious of the enormity of his offence by exercising the principles and practices of a certain notorious Captain Boycott.

"C & C" Ginger Ale

"Vantage in—Game—Set"

AFTER a keen game nothing is more delightfully refreshing than a glass of "C & C" Ginger Ale. It cools without chilling. It charms away thirst and fatigue. No other drink has quite the same exhilarating crispness.

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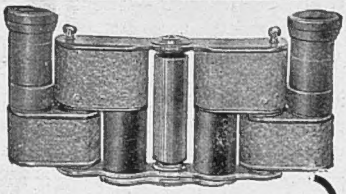

is **unique.** It opens flat, as illustrated, and slips into a pocket. It is excellently suited for all-round use, and is never "left-at-home." A full description is given in our Illustrated List—sent free on request.

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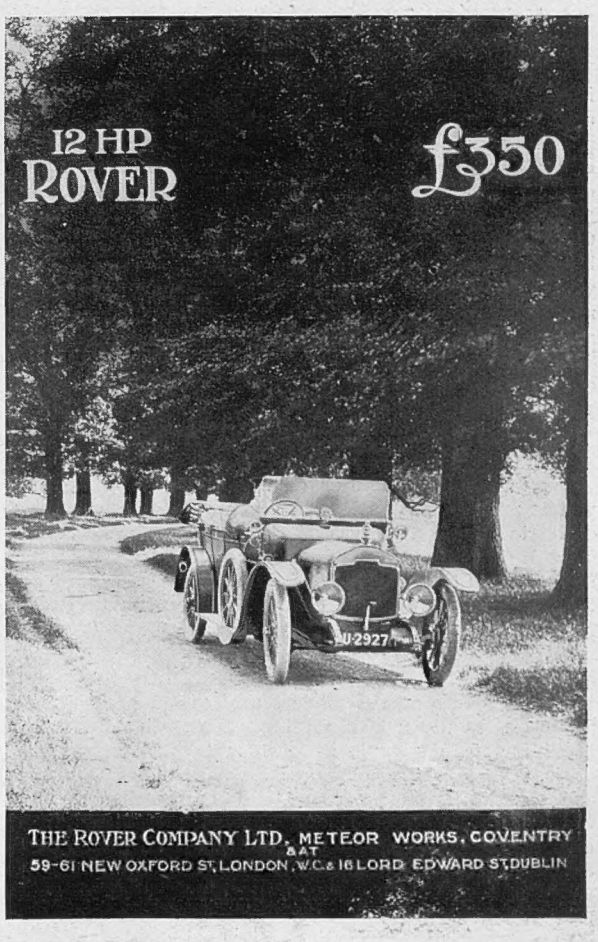

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The Editor's Box

The Princess Theatre

Mr. William Gifford, the new lessee of the Princess Theatre, is an interesting personality. When a boy of sixteen he went out to Canada, primarily on account of his health, and first tried his hands at farming. That pursuit proving to be insufficiently exciting, he went to Winnipeg and joined the Western Lumber Camp, where his first efforts in acting were to amuse the lumbermen at night. This led to his joining a company of players in Toronto, and from that time onward Mr. Gifford has never looked back. He had, in later years, a long and varied experience with stock companies, notably at Swansea and Birmingham, under the personal management, the stage management, and personal tuition of the late Mr. Melville, the father of the present well-known authors and West End managers, Messrs. Fred and Walter Melville. Mr. Gifford's success at the fine new Princess Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, is assured.

Soap

There is one soap which everybody recommends and about which I have never heard an ill word—and that is Wright's Coal Tar. Obtainable of all chemists, it is the soundest—and in the long run the cheapest soap to use, for it not only cleans thoroughly, but also disinfects. For young children and those who have a delicate skin it is easily first among soaps, and should be used in preference to all others.

The "Polo Monthly" Irish Challenge Cup

Presented for competition by the proprietors of "Polo Monthly," and won this year by the Co. Kildare team. The final was played at Phœnix Park, Dublin. The small cups were presented to each of the members of the winning team

About Furniture

Those who are contemplating the purchase of furniture should not fail to pay a visit at an early date to the Furniture and Fine Art Depositories, Ltd., 48 to 50, Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, N., where they will find much to interest them at very strictly moderate prices. This firm has during the past few years won highest honours at all the principal exhibitions, including the Grand Prix Gold Medal and Diploma of Honour at Paris, Rome, and Milan, the Grand Premier Gold Medal at the International Exhibition at Barcelona, and this year they won the Grand Prix and Diploma of Honour at Brussels. An excellent catalogue can be had on application at the above address.

Bubbles

I have just received a charming little booklet from Messrs. Daniel Neal and Sons, Ltd., of 124-126, Kensington High Street, W., the well-known shoe manufacturers. It is entitled "Bubble-Blowing," and has been written by Mr Daniel Neal, who really must be the champion bubble-blower of the British Empire. Reading this book makes one almost seriously think that bubble-blowing ought to be among the contests at the next Olympic Games! For it is a most scientific pastime, and though "Bubble-Blowing" has been written primarily for young folks and tells you how to arrange bubble-blowing parties and so on, I fancy it will be read with very considerable interest by grown-ups as well.

The Menu: Economical Cookery for the War Time

Home-Made Bread

Sift 4 lb. of household flour into a basin, make a hole in the centre of the flour, and put in two teaspoonfuls of salt, a teaspoonful of moist sugar, and ¾ oz. of compressed yeast, or, if that is not procurable, the same quantity of Yeatman's Yeast Powder. Mix half a pint of hot water with the same quantity of cold milk, mix this, and work in enough flour gradually to make a batter. Cover with a cloth, and stand in a warm place until the bread rises, which will be when the surface is covered with bubbles, and will take rather more than twenty minutes; now knead well for ten minutes, using up the rest of the flour, and again let it stand for nearly one hour. Then put the dough on a floured board, shape into loaves, or, if preferred, bake in tins—the time to bake about 1½ hours, according to size of the loaves.

Wholemeal Bread

Six large tablespoonfuls of wholemeal flour, four of white flour, a pinch of salt, and two heaped-up teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Mix well together with milk into a smooth dough, not too stiff. It is best to put it in the bottom shelf of the oven, and finish it at the top. This bread is very wholesome, and strongly recommended for persons suffering from indigestion.

Sheeps Hearts

Sheeps hearts at the modest cost of 4*d*. each should figure on the menu of every household, where economy is of importance, as it is to so many at the present crisis. All the hard part and any fat should be cut away and a stuffing of sage and onions put inside; they must be floured and basted plentifully with dripping and served up with thick brown gravy and a boat with apple-sauce. This is a dish by no means to be despised. The hearts take rather more than half an hour to bake.

Savoury Rice Pudding

Simmer two tablespoonfuls of rice in one pint of milk until nearly cooked, then add 1 oz. of grated cheese, ½ oz. of butter, a pinch of salt and pepper, and one teaspoonful of made mustard (if the pudding be intended for children, do not put in the latter). Mix well, and pour into a buttered pie-dish, sprinkle ½ oz. of grated cheese on the top, and bake in a moderate oven for half-an-hour.

Baked Onions and Tomatoes

Put ½ lb. of tomatoes in fast-boiling water for a few seconds, when the skin can be easily removed. Slice them. Butter a baking dish and put a layer of onions (Spanish for choice, and about 1 lb. will be required) at the bottom of the dish. Now place the tomatoes over them and the remainder of the onions on the top. Sprinkle a little pepper over each layer. Cover the top with bread-crumbs, and put about 1 oz. of butter in small pieces over the crumbs. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven. N.B.—The onions must be boiled first for twenty minutes.

Meat Roll

One pound of beef steak, ½ lb. of ham, ½ lb. of sausage meat, ¼ lb. of breadcrumbs, two eggs, one small onion, salt, and pepper. Put all through the mincing-machine, including the onion, and mix with the breadcrumbs, beat up the eggs, and stir in. When all is well mixed, form it into a roly-poly shape, press it well together, and bake in the oven for one hour. It must be kept well basted with dripping. Serve with gravy or tomato sauce.

Lentil Balls

Soak a ¼ lb. of lentils over-night, and then boil them for thirty minutes, drain, and mix with 2 oz. of breadcrumbs, 1 oz. of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a very few mixed herbs, salt, pepper, and one egg. When cold, shape into balls, cover with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat. Serve with thick brown sauce. EMILIA